HARPER'S WEEKLY. A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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CONTENTS.

I. Senator Slidell, with Portrait.
II. Night Thoughts.
III. Troth and Kiss.
IV. Editorials.
V. The Lounger.
VI. His Excellency Rear-Admiral Mohammed Pasha, with a fine Portrait.
VII. The little Gray Cloak.
VIII. Dr. Livingstone's new Voyage of Discovery, with two Illustrations.
IX. Literary.
X. Domestic Intelligence.
XI. Foreign News.
XII. The Russian Corvette, and the Egyptian Yacht, with two fine Illustrations.
XIII. The Apparition of Monsieur Body.
XIV. Alone.
XV. Miscellany.
XVI. Bulwer's Story, "What will he do with it?"—*Continued.*
XVII. Burial of the Queen of Oude, with three Illustrations.
XVIII. The Chapel Choristers.
XIX. Things Wise and Otherwise.
XX. Market and Financial Reports.
XXI. Comicalities.

SENATOR JOHN SLIDELL, OF LOUISIANA.

We proceed, in due course, to add to our gallery of political portraits that of the Honorable John Slidell, one of the two Senators from Louisiana in the Senate of the United States.

The modesty of the United States Senator from Louisiana has rendered the task of his biographers one of no common difficulty. Materials are absolutely wanting, save those which can be found in the histories of the country.

It is known that he is a New Yorker by birth; that he was born, in this State, somewhere in the neighborhood of 1793, and that he went to seek his fortune at New Orleans as soon as he reached man's estate. It is to be presumed that he had received from his family a good—indeed, considering the times, one might say an excellent—education; for, though he arrived at New Orleans "poor, friendless, and alone," he was able to take his place almost immediately at the bar of that city, and to cope with the master intellects which have always adorned the forum of Louisiana. The eminence of his brother (the late Commodore Slidell Mackenzie) in literature, will also vouch for the completeness of the education of the two young men.

We have no record of the cases in which Mr. Slidell was engaged during his fifteen or twenty years' toil at the bar of New Orleans. Suffice it to say that his success as a lawyer was unparalleled even in that city of sudden success, and that, after a few years' patient labor, and successful competition with the chiefs of the profession, he made himself so high a name that he was necessarily retained, on one side or the other, in almost every important lawsuit which arose, and gradually accumulated a princely fortune.

His first public service appears to have been as United States District Attorney at New Orleans, to which office he was appointed by General Jackson. The General and the lawyer were united by the closest ties of intimacy; it was Mr. Slidell who took the lead in procuring from Congress the reimbursement of the fine laid upon General Jackson for his violation of law during the danger of New Orleans in the last war.

He was frequently sent to the State Legislature of Louisiana; and having vindicated his capacity for public and political business, was chosen one of the Louisiana delegation to Congress. In the House he was remarked for his tact and skill as a manager, and his shrewdness and coolness in debate. At times, under peculiar provocation, he would become excited, and then the words would flow from his lips in a perfect torrent; but this rarely happened. His temper was thoroughly under command, and his sagacity was never betrayed by outbursts of passion.

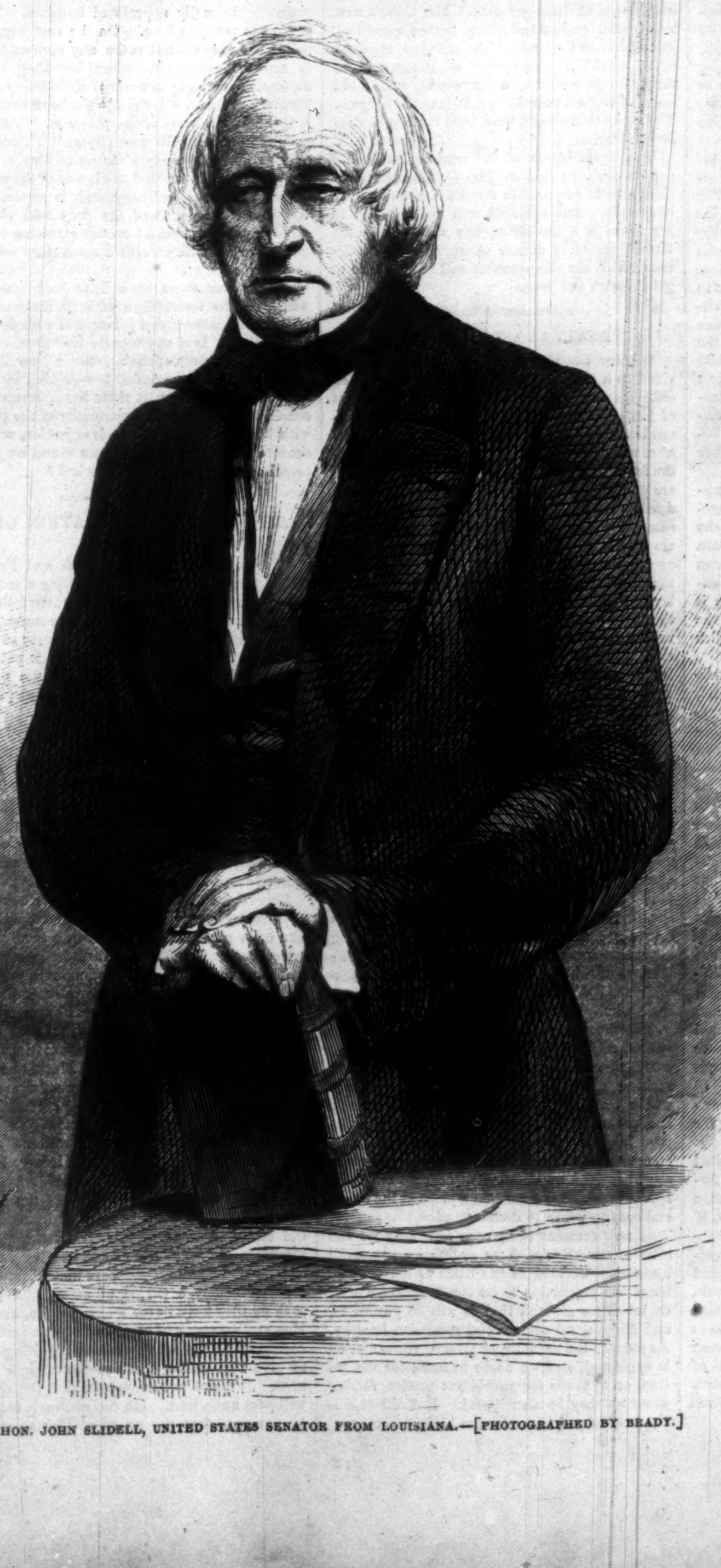
While a member of Congress, Mr. Slidell was selected by the President to act as Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to Mexico. The circumstances imparted unusual importance to the mission. War was actually on the point of breaking out. Taylor was on the Rio Grande, and the American squadron lay off Vera Cruz. Previous to firing the first gun, however, the President was anxious to make one effort more to preserve peace, and the Mexican Government having intimated that a new Envoy from the United States would be received, Mr. Slidell was accredited. The mission did not achieve any useful purpose. After many and futile discussions the Mexican Government refused to receive Mr. Slidell; and after much strenuous exertion on the part of the latter to avert from Mexico the blow that was impending, he finally demanded his passports and returned home.

After his return home, his commanding influence in his own State, and the reputation he had won in his Congressional and diplomatic career, enabled him to take a lead in federal politics. It was generally understood that he was an ardent believer in the theory of the gradual Americanization—the word is now naturalized—of this continent, and of the steady absorption of the Spanish, Indian, and other races by the hardier Anglo-Saxon. It was evident, even so far back as 1850, that the time could not be far distant when the intervention of the United States in Central America and Mexico would become a duty; and many looked to Mr. Slidell as one of the soundest authorities on this very important and delicate question. In accordance with this sentiment, Mr. Pierce, on assuming the direction of the government, tendered to Mr. Slidell the post of United States minister to Central America. Unfortunately for the country, the offer was gracefully but peremptorily declined. Our interests in Central America were committed to much weaker hands, and the Presidential term of Mr. Pierce passed away without witnessing the solution of any of the embarrassing questions which are involved in our relations with our Southern neighbors.

When Mr. Soulé vacated his seat in the Senate to fill the post of United States Minister to Madrid, Mr. Slidell was appointed to succeed him for the unexpired term; and at the close of this term he was re-elected for six years. He has been a very quiet, unobtrusive member of the Senate. He is more felt in council than in debate. In the caucuses of the party with which he is acting no member's advice carries more weight than Mr. Slidell's; the speaking and ornamental part of the political fight he leaves to others. His sentiments, when spoken, are expressed in strong, terse, unimpassioned language.

It is understood that Mr. Slidell enjoys a more than common share of Mr. Buchanan's confidence, and that his counsels possess unusual weight at the White House. Should the settlement of the Kansas question, and the gradual development of destiny in the South leave room for the adoption by the United States of a bold and generous policy, Mr. Slidell—it is generally supposed—would be intrusted with high and important diplomatic duties. His name has been freely mentioned for the mission to Paris; and should the settlement of the chronic disturbances in Central America and Mexico require to be effected in Europe, he would no doubt be tendered either this or some other equally important office. In the event of the retirement of Mr. Cass from the office of Secretary of State, Mr. Slidell might perhaps be a prominent candidate for the vacancy. It is generally believed that Mr. Slidell was in close correspondence with Mr. Buchanan at the time of the Ostend Conference, and that the doctrines embodied in the famous document known as the Ostend Manifesto received his hearty approval. As there is no reason to suppose that the President has altered his views since that manifesto was given to the world, Mr. Slidell would doubtless be selected as one of his aids should the time come for its realization.

In person Mr. Slidell is striking; his figure is stout, about the middle height, with a bold, dignified mien. His features are rather handsome. One who knew him well thus spoke of his private character: "His character, with many excellences, abounds in contradictions. John Slidell accumulates more, spends more, and wastes more than any other man in New Orleans. While apparently yielding you his confidence and securing yours, he walks quietly, composedly into your affections, and gains every thing he wants without loss to himself. The man of liberality, the spendthrift, the economist, appear to combine in his composition. What shall we say to such a character?"


HON. JOHN SLIDELL, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM LOUISIANA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

'Tis sweeter than all else below,
The daylight and its duties done,
To fold the arms for rest, and so
Relinquish all regards but one;
To see her features in the dark;
To lie and meditate, once more,
Some grace he did not fully mark,
Some tone he had not heard before;
Then from beneath his head to take
Her notes, her picture, and her glove,
Put there for joy when he shall wake,
And press them to the heart of love;
And then to whisper "Wife," and pray
To live so long as not to miss
That unimaginable day
Which farther seems the nearer 'tis;
And still from joy's unfathom'd well
To drink, in sleep, while on her brow
Of innocence ineffable,
The laughing bridal roses blow.

TROTH AND KISS.

A trembling came upon her lip,
  Such as June rose-buds know
When queen-bees there alight to sip
  The honey-drops which flow
Beneath each petal's roseate tip,
  Ere buds to blossoms blow!

One eyelash trembled too! And then
  Tear's dew-drop silvered both!
I pressed her to my breast, and when
  I found her nothing loth,
She kissed the happiest of men
  And *I* sealed there our troth.

Twice twenty years have flown away,
  Filled up with wedded bliss!
Our every month has seemed like May,
  Our every joy like this
Of *one* remembered youthful day—
  The day of troth and kiss!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 27, 1858.

CAN THIS COUNTRY SUSTAIN A LINE OF OCEAN STEAMERS?

THE Collins steamers are advertised to be sold in April, and it is reported in the papers that the Messrs. Brown, Bankers, the owners of the bulk of the stock in the Collins line, and also its chief creditors, have determined to buy them and run them on their own account. It is understood, rightly or wrongly, that notwithstanding the enormous tax levied upon the country for the support of the Collins line, it has never been successful; both the legitimate profits of the enterprise, and the illegitimate assistance which it derived from the unfair protection of Congress were more than absorbed by the inordinate expenses of keeping it going. The question which is suggested, therefore, by the announcement that the line is hereafter to be run by the eminent house which we have mentioned, is, Can we sustain an American line of ocean steamers?

It is not to be disguised that the bulk of the passenger business between this and Europe is already in the hands of British ship-owners. The Cunard line of steamers, whatever objections may be made to them, are unquestionably the most uniformly successful line of the present day, and also the safest. It is natural to suppose that until this country does something better in the way of ocean steamers than has yet been witnessed, the greater part of the travel between the United States and Europe will fall to the share of the Cunard company. And while rich travelers patronize that line, as the most reliable and the safest, poor persons will naturally take their passages on board the many excellent and cheap screw steamers which ply between New York and Glasgow or some other European port.

The success of these steamships, and the unfortunate failure of the Collins line, are, therefore, the obstacles which stand in the way of the establishment of a successful line of American transatlantic steamers. An American ocean steamship company is bound to make a reputation for regularity, speed, and safety before it can compete on advantageous terms with the Cunard and the Glasgow lines. The English have a vast advantage in the race.

The prospect is at present that the only American lines of ocean steamers which will contend, this summer, for a share of the ocean travel, will be the *Arago* and *Fulton*, and the *Vanderbilt*. The two former vessels are well known and popular. They are known to be well provided and carefully managed. They enable an American to go to Paris without passing through England. They are consequently understood to be profitable to their owners, and they will doubtless continue to be so. Whether the *Vanderbilt* was run at a profit last season none but her owner can tell. She carried great numbers of passengers, and, to judge from the complaints made by the latter, she was not extravagantly managed. She may perhaps do well. What is to become of the Collins steamers—the *Baltic*, *Atlantic*, and *Adriatic*—no one can tell; they may, as we said, run as a new line without a mail contract, and, in this case, they should be added to the list; but there was, some time since, some talk of their passing into the hands of some foreign government.

Is this all that can be done by the ship-owners of the United States toward contending for the steam supremacy of the Atlantic?

The bulk of the travel between the United States and Europe is American. Even the foreigners who cross the ocean have every motive for preferring an American to a foreign ship, if it can be shown to be equally secure. Establish a safe line of American steamers to Liverpool, and they will in twelve months command three-fourths of the whole trade. Why should not this be done? In sailing vessels we have beaten the foreign world; why can not we do as well in regard to steamers? There is an easy fortune to be made by a fair and square trial of the contest; let us see whether the Messrs. Brown Brothers, of New York, or any other parties will realize it.

THE NEW TREASURY LOAN.

Mr. Cobb has not been as successful in borrowing money for the Government as it was generally supposed he would be. Though over eight millions were offered him when he only wanted five, the rates at which the tenders were made were considerably higher than he anticipated; and as the law is peremptory, he will be obliged to award the loan to the lowest bidders, whose proposals will average 4½ per cent. for the five millions. Nor is this all: it is quite obvious that the certificates which bear the lowest rate of interest will speedily find their way back to the Treasury Department in payment of duties; while the four and a half and five per cents. will remain out, in the hands of private holders. Altogether the operation is no matter of boasting for the Secretary of the Treasury. It is very easy to say that he was victimized by a coalition of brokers and financiers; but as there is no rule of finance or of morals which forbids such persons from getting as high interest for their money as they can, or from combining together if they can thus best attain their ends, it is not easy to see how this can avail to make the case any the less awkward for the Treasury Department.

That United States securities at par could be placed at lower rates of interest than five or four and a half per cent. is quite obvious. Four and five per cent. are the market rates for call loans on railroad and State and city bonds in Wall Street. A million of dollars can be borrowed any day in that locality at five per cent. on such securities, and on demand at twenty-four hours' notice. It surely can not be pretended that United States bonds, with a fixed term to run, are on a par with such loans as these.

Abroad, we hear of money eagerly seeking investment at three per cent. Mr. Cobb's new loan could undoubtedly have been disposed of in London at that rate. A judicious financial agent would have disposed of the whole at three, in the course of a few weeks, and would have netted a handsome profit into the bargain. The same thing could have been done at Frankfort or Paris.

The whole blame of the transaction should not properly be laid on Mr. Cobb's shoulders. Congress is responsible for the Act which tied his hands. But the loan will not redound to his fame as a financier; nor will it help the United States to obtain cheaply the ten millions which the Government will still require to get through the year.

REVIVAL OF BUSINESS.

Within the past fortnight business has revived to a surprising extent. The amount of offerings at the banks has largely exceeded that of former weeks since the revulsion, and various branches of trade have begun to display unwonted activity. The ship-yards are all bustle; the foundries are again in full blast; the grocers are preparing for the spring sales; the dry-goods dealers are laying in a moderate stock for the summer consumption of the country; booksellers are buying with considerable freedom; money is going into mining and canal enterprises; the railways are carrying more freight; produce is about to come forward in large quantities from the West; cotton is traveling Europeward, and money is coming this way in very satisfactory amounts. Altogether, the prospect is gratifying in every respect.

Most men date their success in life from some misfortune. Just so the greatest advances toward wealth and prosperity which this country has made have been consequent upon, and in a great measure caused by, periods of unusual depression and suffering. The revulsion of 1857 will prove to have been one of the most fortunate accidents of our history.

At the time that wholesome check overtook us we were plunging headlong into a vortex of extravagance and speculation. Though our surplus of produce was unprecedented, we were spending the whole of the return from this source in foreign luxuries. We were spending enormous sums in the construction and maintenance of railways for the benefit of future generations. We were living individually on a scale wholly unsuited to a hard-working people.

The shock of the revulsion brought us to our senses, stopped our extravagant expenditures, curtailed our exorbitant imports, checked our reckless railway enterprises, and brought the whole business of the country within narrow and convenient limits. That the evil was superficial, not radical—that the trade of the country was sound at bottom, and the people generally rich—the unprecedented accumulations of specie which have since taken place at the financial centres prove to demonstration.

It now remains to be seen how long we can content ourselves with an ordinarily successful business. So long as the trade of the country bears due proportion to its consumption it may be taken for granted that it will be profitable, and the general commercial condition healthy. As soon as the measure of present consumption is neglected, and we begin to build for the future, or to trade for exorbitant profits, further disasters may be anticipated. But till this is the case we may consider the horizon serene.

AN OPENING FOR YOUNG MEN.

It is all very well to talk of the merits of the dry goods, or the hardware, or the law, or the physic, or the engineering business for promising young men. Doubtless some may do well in any or all of these, with adequate labor and perseverance. But a careful examination of the facts can not fail to demonstrate to every unbiased mind that all these are vastly inferior—in point of promise and capacity—to the ancient business of burglary.

In the first place, the training or apprenticeship requisite for the profession of burglary is slight. A few weeks practice with the "jemmy," the false keys, and the "bar," will make the most unskillful hand perfect. Then the capital required to enter into business on one's own account is positively insignificant; five dollars—a single haul from a gentleman's pocket—will amply suffice. Finally, unlike many of the trades which are popular with young men, the art of burglary is not confined to any one locality; it is cosmopolitan. Merchants are confined to the place where their trade can be carried on; lawyers must remain in the locality where they studied law; but doors and bolts are the same all the world round; and burglars, after exhausting New York, may find a virgin soil in Boston and Philadelphia, and a very fair unexhausted field in the cities of the Old World.

The chief advantage of the ancient art of burglary in New York is the untroubled immunity which it enjoys. Now and then, it is true, some one catches a burglar on his premises, holds him till the police come, and has him prosecuted; but it is evident that these are rare cases. The business of arresting burglars being left entirely to the citizen, who is usually fast asleep while they are operating, arrests are naturally few, In some foreign countries, it is said, the police occasionally apprehend burglars. That is not the practice here. On the contrary, our police not only do not make any serious effort to arrest these noble artists, but they bestir themselves actively to conceal the deeds of the burglars. When a burglary has been committed, the first request of the police is, "Pray do not mention it to the newspapers." Thus the burglar not only escapes the suspicious eye of the public, but is enabled to dispose of the stolen property without difficulty and to advantage. A published account of the deed and of the missing valuables might attract suspicion to the guilty parties and prevent a satifactory sale of the plunder.

Where can there be a finer business—one which can be undertaken with so little outlay of time and money, and prosecuted with as little risk as this? Is it any wonder that there are so many practitioners of the science in New York? or that so many peaceful, law-abiding citizens sleep with a revolver at their head, resolved—considering the apparent sympathy of the police with burglars—to do themselves justice, and to shoot down every strange man found on their premises after the doors are locked?

THE BRITISH OCCUPATION OF CANTON.

Canton is occupied by British and French troops, the latter very properly filling a secondary place. In the proclamation which followed the capture of the city, Lord Elgin announced that it would be restored to the Emperor so soon as peace was re-established. He took pains to assure, not the Chinese only, but the world, that Great Britain had no intention of acquiring territory in that part of the globe.

Policemen long ago noticed that rogues seldom undertake their villainies in pursuance of a deliberate plan. They are led on, from wrong to wrong, until circumstances seem to compel them to commit the most heinous crimes. There is reason to fear that the experience of the foreigners now installed at Canton may afford ground for a comparison between them and the common rascals of civilized communities.

Ever since Canton has been known to our world it has been governed by delegated despots, who have secured to the citizens a measure of protection and order in return for systematic spoliations. It has been common throughout the past fifty years for the Governor of Canton to make requisitions upon wealthy merchants for sums of two, three, or four hundred thousand dollars at a time, and these exactions have always been successful. This black mail has formed the best part of the Governor's revenue. Those who paid it were secure of official favor, and of a moderate amount of protection against the thieves and beggars with which Canton swarms. Those who did not pay it were left to protect themselves as best they could.

One of the first consequences of the establishment of European sway at Canton will be the cessation alike of robbery by the regular thieves, and of spoliation by the higher authorities. The small shopkeepers and private citizens will enjoy a period of safety and peace such as they have never known before, and the Hong merchants will cease to expect a periodical requisition from the Governor requiring them to give him half a year's profits of their business. It is not to be supposed that the change will pass unnoticed. On the contrary, it is fair to presume that the practical Chinamen will appreciate it highly, and that, when the time comes, if it ever does, for the evacuation of the city by the foreigners, they will strenuously resist the removal of so wholesome and thorough an authority.

It is possible—it is likely—there may come a time, when the English at Canton may be placed in a dilemma between abandoning the city to thieves and assassins or retaining it as a British protectorate. In such an event, the duty of the civilized power would be obvious. It could benefit England but little to annex Canton to the British empire; but it would be a great advantage to the commercial world to have that port under the control of intelligent Europeans, and to have its police as well managed as that of Liverpool or London.

UP THE MEDITERRANEAN.

The expedition in the steamer *Ericsson*, Captain Lowber, to visit Cairo, Jerusalem, Constantinople, Greece, and other parts of the Old World, appears to offer a capital opportunity for persons who have but little time to spare, and who desire to see those interesting points in a comfortable manner. A first-class American steamer, with all her appointments of luxury, will be a very different ship for a voyage in the Mediterranean from the miserable little craft in which Eastern travelers usually roll about those seas. Should this plan prove successful, it will be but the first of such voyages, and it may result in doing much toward the establishment of a Mediterranean line of steamers. Only a few years ago the idea of a steam voyage to Jerusalem was thought so good a joke as to form the material for squibs in *Punch*. Now it is a realized fact.

GIFT ENTERPRISE SWINDLES.

Mayor Tiemann has rendered the public a signal service in breaking up one of the gift enterprise swindles which have been so successful of late in fleecing the people of the rural districts. A concern which proposed to distribute gifts among the purchasers of its goods was, on examination, found to be carried on in the name of a man of straw, and to be based on the purest fraud and imposture. It is to be hoped that the Mayor will persevere. Without exception, these gift enterprises are fraudulent and dishonest. They appeal to the cupidity of the ignorant by pretending to sell for a dollar that which is worth two, and, as might be expected, they cheat every one who has any dealings with them.

THE LOUNGER.

DIGNIFIED BODIES.

The Senate of the United States is the most dignified parliamentary body in the world. It is so called by all foreign observers, who write books upon America, of which there have been several. It is so considered by Americans themselves, who, eager to tell the truth, grant the House to be a bear-garden, but point with fond pride to the assembly of sages and statesmen who occupy another room in the Capitol. The country must have been struck with new force by this characteristic of the Senate during a recent debate in that body. The points were taken with great precision and urged with decorum and dignity, and it is difficult, upon reading the debate, to tell where the truth really lay. Probably, as is usually the case, there was a great deal of truth upon both sides. The Lounger, of course, can give only an abstract of the discussion, but it embraces all the chief points.

First Sage and Statesman. "*You're a liar!*"

Second Sage and Statesman. "*You're a d—d liar!*"

THE POETRY OF ADVERTISING.

Is there any profound moral difference between the acts of forging a man's name to a check in favor of bearer, and forging his name to a letter praising a book, with the intention of persuading the public to buy it? If the one act sends the offender to the State Prison, where should the other send him?

As for the theft of ideas, a common form of pilfering, nothing, of course, can be done. Smith says to Jones, "I'm going to get off a good thing at the dinner to-night. After the Press has been drunk, and Brown has squirted in reply, I am going to say, 'Mr. President, I must confess that toast has been done brown!' I think it will be rather a happy impromptu." They go to the dinner, and what is Smith's wrath, when "the Army and Navy" have been drunk with applause, and Commodore Pennant and Colonel Hannibal have replied with their usual felicity, to see the deceitful Jones rise and say with the air of a wit, "Mr. President, I must confess that toast has been done brown on both sides." For this kind of larceny there is no help. In the society of that branch of the Joneses—so estimable in other branches—a man must hold his tongue and his pocket.

So when Jones reports Smith as having said something, it may be difficult to disprove that he never said any thing which could bear that construction. But when Jones deliberately sits down and writes a letter and prints it, in a community in which Smith is perfectly well known as an author, with the evident intention of giving another man's book the advantage of Smith's name and praise—what is the word generally used to characterize such conduct?

Now publishers are well known to be the most modest and retiring of men—especially in the newspapers. But ought they not to brush up courage enough to take care that their names are not abused? Ought they not to see that their names are not put to untruths? Is no restraint to be placed upon the poet who prepares the advertisements?

Let us suppose, for instance, an advertisement commences with Washington Irving's name at the top, followed by "New book in press." There are probably people in the world so stupid, when they see that, as to suppose that Irving is about publishing a new work. Of course, the author of the advertisement had no intention of producing such an impression—because it would be a pure forgery; but it shows how careful these poets ought to be. Let us next suppose that the work is stated to have received the unqualified approbation of Mr. Irving; and that a letter is printed dated at Sunnyside, November 1st, 1857, praising the book and complimenting the author, and telling him how much money he ought to make by it, etc., etc. Let us then further suppose that Mr. Irving never wrote such a letter. Is that not a great triumph of imagination? Is it not an evidence of that high order of genius known as invention? Is not Sing Sing so called because it is the temporary cage of poets who sing just such songs as that? Might you not naturally suppose that you would next read, "Mr. W. B. Astor will give ten dollars to every body who buys a copy of this delightful work?" How could you know he would not, until you asked him? How could you know that Mr. Irving wrote no such letter, until you had made the inquiry?

There is a very vulgar phrase about "cutting it a little too fat." And it is always well for such a poet as has been described to remember, that if he has no self-respect to lose, the public has always, under certain circumstances, plenty of contempt to spare. Doubtless, before this paper appears, the publishers, in the case supposed, will have absolved themselves from all complicity in the imposition upon the public which has been already exposed by Mr. Irving's publisher. It is to be hoped that they will also impart the name of the adventurous person who writes letters in the name of Washington Irving.

ATROCIOUS THEFT.

A skillful theft of time was accomplished, a short time since, at the residence of Rabelais Lamb. The distinguished author, whose urbanity of manner is as well known as the geniality of his genius, lives, as our readers are aware, upon the lovely banks of our noble Ganges, at his secluded and beautiful retreat of Mont Blanc. The home of Rabelais Lamb is naturally an intellectual Mecca. No man but is glad to have been there, and proud to tell of the visit. But Lamb is an author, and a hard-working author; he is also a gentleman, and his private life and his family circle should be as secure of invasion as those of the most obscure of his fellow-citizens. But rudeness is not altogether unknown, even upon the banks of our noble Ganges, as the sequel will show.

Among the many inconsiderate persons who do not hesitate to call upon Mr. Lamb at all times, and totally regardless of his engagements and employments, there is often a sly intruder who carries away with him, quite unperceived, a most valuable part of the day, or even purloins three or four hours of careful work. Some time since, Gape, a celebrated lion-hunter, hitherto esteemed a tolerable sort of person for a man of his class (and who gave occasion to the celebrated witticism—"Why is a visit of Gape's to Bryant or Longfellow precursive of the Milennium?" "Because it is a boar lying down with the lion")—arrived at Mont Blanc at an early hour of the morning and inquired for Mr. Lamb. The author came out of his study, and sat entertaining his guest. Although he was very busy, and anxious to continue his work, he could not take the visitor into his study, and had no one to leave him with—being naturally unwilling to leave a man who would thrust himself into his house, as Gape had done, alone with the spoons. Gape thus began his robbery in the very presence of his host. He bagged the entire forenoon, and appropriated the afternoon until three o'clock, when he left for the cars, having taken all of the day that was worth taking. Scarcely had he quitted the door when the whistle of the locomotive was heard, and the wretch, who had fully intended to be left, returned to the scene of his crime to carry off the rest of the booty. In sheer despair Mr. Lamb took him into the study, and while there, with an effrontery which is beyond human belief, Gape surveyed a set of Lamb's works, in 15 volumes, in half-gilt calf, standing upon the mantle, and coolly asked the author *if he would not give them to him!*

Entirely overwhelmed by this last blow, Lamb sank quietly into a chair and wrote the name of the burglar upon the fly-leaf; after which, having despoiled the author of his works and his day, the cold-blooded miscreant departed.

There are plenty of traces of him. His haunts are perfectly well known; and no police or clew are necessary to discover him. But what shall be said of a state of society in which such criminals not only go at large unrebuked, but openly display upon their library shelves the ill-gotten plunder of their marauding forays? Nor only this; but point to it with pride, and have no remorse for having cheated a fellow-creature and a hard-working author of a day!

WHAT ARE GRAMMAR?

Barnumbo declares, upon a large and beautiful transparency in front of the Museum, "Scarcely any body knows what an Aquaria is." Now Mr. Tailor, of Tooley Street, presents his compliments to Barnumbo, and desires him to take notice that he, Mr. Tailor, is "scarcely any body," because he knows "what an Aquaria is." "It are a things," says Mr. Tailor, "very interesting to contemplate. It resemble a glass chests full of marine production, shell, and sands. Fish swims in it. Fish, in facts, breathes and lives, move and have its beings in it. It amuse and instruct. It kindle the philosophic minds. It elevate the sentiment of all beholder. Young ladies likes it. It are a beautiful inventions and a fortunate hits for Museum."

And now, having shown that he is "scarcely any body" by promptly answering the question, What is an aquaria? Mr. Tailor, of Tooley Street, demands of Barnumbo a reply to the inquiries, What are Grammar? and What is the rules of person and numbers?

A DESIGN UPON THE CENTRAL PARK.

There is a report that the Commission of the Central Park intend to invite the gentleman who laid out the *Bois de Boulogne*, near Paris, to come over and superintend the laying out of our park. Such a rumor is too likely to be true. The error which imported a statue by a tenth-rate Italian sculptor—Persico—to adorn the Capitol at Washington, instead of employing our own sculptors, is perennial. In the fine arts we have a national preference for foreign performances which is not fully justified by their uniform superiority. Why, for instance, in the case of this park, should we send abroad for a landscape gardener? Is the *Bois de Boulogne* such a beautiful park that it should be selected as the model of ours? On the contrary, the rectangular stiffness of French garden taste is the least desirable in the world to imitate.

And not only is the model a poor one, but there are plenty of men in this country who are, probably, quite capable of designing a great public park. Let the Commission (assuming the report to be correct) first advertise for proposals from American landscape gardeners. At least, give us a chance of knowing our inferiority. Nobody wants the work poorly done for the sake of having it done at home; but nobody wants the new park to be turned into a *Bois de Boulogne*. Don't assume that a man can do this park because he is not an American, or because he did something that pleases Paris and French taste.

The Lounger will be very glad if he is firing his pistol before the enemy is in sight. But he can hardly be too soon. Commissions are such droll things.

SOUND AND SENSIBLE VIEWS.

When the *Huguenots* is withdrawn and Mr. Fry's *Leonora* is produced at the Academy, let us not all discover that we have spent enough for the Opera at present, and can not afford to go any more. On the other hand, let Mr. Fry not be disgusted and disappointed if we all do say so.

Is he not an American? What business had he, then, to write an opera? What right has an American, with the Stock Exchange open to him, and the dry-goods line, and the wet ditto, ditto, to fall to scraping fiddles and tum-ti-tid-y-ing? Why not leave that sort of thing to Italians and Germans, who have nothing on earth to do but eat maccaroni and pickled cabbage? They are expected to write operas, and then go and listen to them, and cry, "*Bravi! bravi!*" and when they choose to come here and shout and squeal and make faces in public for our amusement, why, we can toss them a trifle and laugh, and then turn away to the serious business of life.

It is refreshing to watch the profound contempt with which a man who invests his soul and body in a voyage or an operation; who is forever talking and wondering about short credits and long credits; who finds himself sometimes calculating whether, in a great hurry and press, thirty-five inches might not make a yard—regards a man whose investments no winds can blow over, nor storms sink, nor commercial crashes affect, and whose interests are planted as deep as the everlasting hills.

We might as well confess it—those of us who believe that "a sound, sensible, business man" is the ideal of manhood—that the pity is on the other side. We don't pity the poets and musicians, the artists and authors, half so deeply as they pity us. We don't laugh at them half so heartily as they laugh at us. In books, in pictures, in wit, in music, in intellectual sympathy and conversation, there is an exhilaration, a satisfaction, an inspiration, and a happiness, that reveal to a man what it is to be a man—that make life worth living—that make men nobler and women fairer—a delight which Golconda and Potosi could not buy. There is an old story of treasures that moth and rust can not corrupt, and that thieves can not steal. When you have glowed as you read a poem—when you have kindled before a picture—when you have melted under sweet music, has it never occurred to you that the story might be true; that the hope, the aspiration, the ecstasy of every great human work, were all ingots of that treasure?

Don't pity a man for writing a song or an opera, but commiserate yourself for wanting to pity him. Shrewdness and thrift are, certainly, useful things in a world where men must have bread to eat. But they are apt to degenerate into dishonesty and meanness. Genius, also, is inclined to be impracticable. If your horses will not plow your potato-field, it may be because they are blind and stubborn. It may be, also, because they are horses of the sun. And, excellent Sir, except for the sun that shines without feeding, there would be no potatoes to the acre.

FROM A PAINTER'S PORTFOLIO.

This ink-sketch is a Tuscan boy—
How well the urchin I remember!—
Who would my hurried nap annoy,
One drowsy noon of gold September.
He leaned upon the window-sill,
His brown, bare elbows laid along,
And, heedless of my presence, still
Kept droning a Campagna song.

It was the vintage: beautiful
Was every peasant boy that bore
A bursting basket, overfull,
Of grapes that hung his forehead o'er:
And laughingly they crowned the girls
With vine-wreaths also; while bright glances
Came answering through the leaves and curls
That fringed their ruddy countenances.
Beneath a road-side olive-tree
A cross, rose-garlanded with pious care,
Poured a sweet breath of sanctity
Upon the soft Italian air.
A bulky priest, upon an ass,
With seedy cloak, and snuffy band,
Droning an *avé*, I saw pass—
A shadow o'er a sunny land.

All the bright morning this gay scene
Was sketched before my happy eye;
If you in Italy have been,
You know it all as well as I.
You know the *mezzo-giorno* rest;
Frittata, vino rosso, too;
And how extremely bad the best
The little *osteria* can do.

And after dinner, in the noon,
When, lying on the bench, I tried
To get a hurried nap, the tune
Was murmuring ever at my side,
For, curious and careless, he,
My ink-sketched Bacchus, leaned his head
Upon his arms, and looked at me—
Uncaring what I did or said.

If, vexed with his incessant stare,
I shouted, in the fiercest way,
Andate via!—in the air
The angry echoes died away:
But he sang on; and if I rose,
He stepped back humming still the strain;
And I no sooner sought repose
Than he was at his post again.

It was not malice, and not fun;
He watched me as you watch a fly
That whirls and buzzes in the sun—
Half curious, but not knowing why.
I laughed aloud, to try him so;
I called him a contemptuous name;
I sprang up suddenly to go:
'Twas effort lost—'twas all the same!

Then I pulled out my sketching-book—
The blunted pencil would not mend,
But with a pen transfixed his look,
Upon the instant. "*Ecco*, friend!"
Cried I, and held it to his eyes;
And saw a faint, far-smiling flame
Flush their deep dusk, like the surprise
Of a young poet tasting fame.

Intoxication possible
From vines whose tendrils never grew—
Whose fragrant blossoms faintly swell
And blow in hope; whose fruit's soft hue
Is fed by suns of Paradise;
Like roses, red; like planets, bright;
And whose fine frenzy opes the eyes
To love, and passion, and delight!

This seemed that brown boy's element—
Behold the Bacchus that I drew!
This wreath around his black hair went,
The tangled masses pushing through.
This bunch of grapes he held that day,
This smileless sweetness lit his mien;
Behind him that soft distance lay—
September, sunny and serene.

And later in the afternoon
I took the road again for Rome,
And left him humming the same tune,
But turning slowly toward his home.
He bore his basket on his head,
With glowing clusters, blue and green;
I wonder if that boy is dead—
What kind of man would he have been?

THE FRENCH FASHIONS.

Mazzini has recently written a letter about the attempted assassination of Louis Napoleon, in which he utters one very notable sentiment with the gloomy hopelessness of a patriot who sees no glimmer of coming day. Why, he asks, in effect, why howl so dismally over this unsuccessful effort to kill one man, and hold your tongues so steadfastly over all the cold-blooded murders of which that man is guilty? And in the spirit of his question he is quite right.

Why should Louis Napoleon have an immunity of murder? He has no right of any kind to his throne that a thief has not to the purse in your pocket. He was able to get it by bloody means, just as the thief might be able to get your purse by cutting your throat. His uncle also made himself Emperor; but France rejected him just as she has suffered the nephew. The Duke of Malakoff has done more for the glory of France in one war than Louis Napoleon in his whole life; and if, to-morrow, the Duke should arrest Louis Napoleon in his bed, and send him to Cayenne, and shoot down Frenchmen in the streets of Paris, and then, holding Paris with the army, invite the country to vote for him for Emperor, the Duke of Malakoff would be the elect of four or five million Frenchmen, as Louis Napoleon calls himself to-day.

His empire, he said, was peace. Undoubtedly a great many people in France were glad to have peace, and would pay any amount of silence to secure it. Now, will any sensible man say whether, to-day, there is either peace or security in France? Will any man say that he thinks the poor little prince will ever wear the bloody crown of his father? Does any man believe the pale Montijo does not wish she were playing billiards in Madrid?

Let us try to clear our minds of cant. If Orsini and Pierri are beheaded, they die because they failed to kill a tyrant. Charlotte Corday died for the same offense. The terrorism of Marat and of Louis Napoleon differs only in degree. Every body knows that this despotism must presently end in some way, as every body felt that the old was too fierce to last. Charlotte Corday is not considered a criminal in history; and when the revolution bursts, and Louis Napoleon is driven from France, or beheaded, or imprisoned, it will be only millions of men doing together, and triumphantly, what two or three now suffer for failing to do individually, because they were desperate and resolved a little before the rest of the nation. So long, of course, as Louis Napoleon can command the army, he is safe. The French army is a nation within the nation. It is a military aristocracy, to which the Government of France has been intrusted. It is brave, disciplined, and unscrupulous. It is bound neither to the Faubourg St. Germaine nor to the Faubourg St. Antoine. The Emperor is encamped in France as the Turks were said to be in Europe. Without the army he could not stand an hour. And in this age, whenever the government of an enlightened country is reduced to a military despotism, it is a question of time only how soon the Government will be subverted.

How sweet it was in Mr. Consul White, at Lyons, to crown the bust of the Emperor with laurel!

IN THE FOG.

This heading would answer for many paragraphs just now. It might even serve as a motto for a coat-of-arms of many statesmen and political personages of the present moment—dear to their country and to mankind. It would be, possibly, an accurate description of the future. But the Lounger uses it in its plainest and most literal sense to ask a plain and most literal question; namely, When it is impossible to see, and the channel is very narrow and dangerous, and there are known to be a great many other vessels and steamers moving to and fro, why should steamers be driven at the "usual speed?" why should they be driven at all, except in the slowest and most careful manner?

There is nothing involved in the question but an immense amount of human life. But what satisfaction would there be to any man, as the waters closed over him and the vision of his family rose before his dying eyes, in the knowledge that the steamer was making her usual time, and not stopping or slacking for any old womanish terrors of fog? What pleasure to the owners to know that their property was wrecked upon the rocks in order not to be behind at the wharf!

There was a heavy fog a few days since, and the consequent running on rocks, bars, and into each other achieved by the steamers was triumphant. Whoever has crossed the bay in a fog knows the fun of it. Every steamer is whizzing, and shrieking, and ding-ding-ing in company with all the others. Their own tumult and the jar of their own machinery prevent their hearing any other noise. Sometimes they escape—generally they do not. There is never a heavy fog but there are collisions and injuries either of life or property. The other day, too, there was trouble on a railroad in a fog. Men were sent back with *lanterns!* Of course they were sent by Know Nothings—because, in a fog, all lanterns are dark lanterns. A terrible accident was scarcely avoided. But a few grenades upon the rail would have prevented the chance of danger.

Of course gentlemen in the suburbs must come to town in the morning. But this "of course" has very stringent limitations. Gentlemen will not start for town in a leaky boat, if they know it, nor will they drive in a wagon with the linch-pin out, nor—if they are blindfolded—will they run along as nimbly as when they can see, when they know there are stones to break their shins against and holes to fall into. Why, then, should they combine all these chances by embarking in a fog?

However, who's afraid?

When some gorgeous floating-palace that adorns our waters and inspires a proud chuckle over the heavy-timbered vessels of the abject Briton, goes down in a fog upon her gallant voyage through the Sound—and it is a question of time only when she will do so—what a wail and wonder there will be! How very inexplicable the accident will be! How totally unexpected! How surprising; in fact, how sad! Two hundred lives lost! Really, really, you don't say so! How very melancholy! Those splendid steamers, too! And the fog would have lifted in an hour or two! But the passengers were so naturally impatient to arrive! What a satisfaction it must have been to them to know they were doing all they could to be in town by nine o'clock! What a comfort, too, to widows and orphans!

Who's afraid?

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—Sarcophagus, who has an office in Wall Street, has perpetrated a most unfeeling joke upon the Lounger in a very clerkly hand. He invites the Lounger—premising that he must be *at least* forty-five (*is* there such an age?)—to call in at his office and bestow upon him "a portion of his patronage!" Sarcophagus wishes to "do" the Lounger's little bills, and invest his rents for him! Cruel Sarcophagus! how can *you* jest upon so *grave* a subject?

—The Lounger invites the attention of undeveloped lexicographers and philologists to the following inquiries:

"Mr. Pry presents his compliments to the Lounger, and would ask whether any reason exists for spelling the word 'excentric' as 'eccentric?'

"Whether, if so, the following words should not be spelled as eccess, eccel, eccerpt, eccept, ecceed, etc?

"Whether the Latin *ex* has been changed to *ec* in any other word?—the present one being probably from *ex centrum*.

"Whether the true spelling could now be restored? and, if so,

"Whether the reform should be made in every case, or only in the word used physically or mechanically?"

—D. E. Greene, *Oakland, Mississippi*, seems to the Lounger rather too hypercritical. Let him consider the general tone of the work, and answer, upon his conscience, if it is not a just and noble portrait.

—Lilly, of Malone, also asks the Lounger if he put her little poem in quotation marks because he thought it not original? Far from him be the thought. He meant only to indicate that it was sent to him. This time her muse is opulent—but gods and columns allow only this tender and kindly stanza:

Heaven bless thee, dear Lounger,
May'st thou stay with us long,
And oft listen kindly
To the would-be bird's song!
And if *Harp*-er or no, *now*,
May your harp, by-and-by,
Swell the anthems of glory
That roll through the sky.

HIS EXCELLENCY REAR-ADMIRAL MOHAMMED PACHA.

The portrait of his Excellency Rear-Admiral Mohammed Pacha, which we present below, is taken from a photograph by the eminent artist Mr. Brady, and may be relied upon as more correct than—if the *Courrier des Etats Unis* is to be believed—portraits in illustrated newspapers sometimes are. It gives a very fair idea of the man.

Rear-Admiral Mohammed Pacha is a man of only thirty-five years of age. We are informed by one who was long a resident of Turkey that he entered the navy at an early age. His father was a prominent citizen and a very wealthy man. His mother—as the unusual symmetry of his features indicates—was a Western woman, and a lady of extraordinary beauty. How she came to be the chief wife of so prominent a man as Mohammed's father we are left to conjecture; her beauty and talent were probably the secret of her elevation. At a very early age, then, the son of Mohammed, and the bearer of the name, entered the navy, and witnessed the incipient decline of Turkey in an arm for which the Moslems had always been famous. The battle of Navarino had been fought, and Turkey could hardly be said to have a navy. Greece had been avenged in earnest.

At the time young Mohammed commenced his naval career the Turkish navy was just beginning to revive from the blow. An idea prevailed in Turkey that the defeat of Navarino was due to the unskillful seamanship of the Turkish captains, and the greatest strictness was observed in the training of naval officers. Foreigners were engaged to assist in organizing the Turkish army and navy on a sound footing. Thus, while Omar Pacha was retained to put the army in a proper state of discipline, Admiral Slade and others were offered high commands to render a like service to the navy. Disaster had taught the Turks the absolute necessity of abandoning routine, and of profiting by the scientific progress of the world. It was under this improved system, and the teaching of the best foreign masters, that young Mohammed took his first lessons in the science of navigation and the management of vessels of war.

For twelve or fifteen years his career was that of every young naval officer. He had his duties to perform, and discharged them conscientiously; he had his pleasures, and did well with them likewise. Our informant communicates a story, which he says is prevalent at Pera, and which does alike credit to the heart and to the good looks of the Rear-Admiral. Some time before the Rear-Admiral had attained the grade of captain he was on leave at Constantinople. At one of the balls given by a foreign embassador he met a French lady, distantly connected with the French embassy, and paid her the attentions which might have been expected of a *galant homme*. The lady was *impressionable* and romantic; the fascinations of the Turkish sailor produced a more serious effect upon her than Mohammed had intended. In brief, she fell in love with him. The romantic love of the Western nations is not well understood by the Turks. Our sailor did not trouble himself much about his French friend, though he was scrupulously civil and attentive when they met. At last orders came for his ship to sail. They were known at Pera. He was calmly preparing for the cruise; when he received a scented *billet* from the fair Parisian, imploring an interview. The sailor naturally concluded that there was some trouble between her and her family, and having provided himself with a yataghan of tried temper, and an attendant on whom he could rely, he went to the appointment prepared to vindicate his character as a *chevalier des dames*, and as a brave sailor. Had she requested him to run through the body any stray Frenchman of the legation, it is likely that he would have done it without the least compunctions of conscience.

Instead of this he found the poor French girl fluttering and trembling at the head of a staircase, and ready, with a small bundle under her arm, to fly with her too fascinating acquaintance.

"Lady," said the honest Turk, "I have a wife already."

"I know it," replied she; "but your laws allow you to have several. I shall be content with a small share of your heart, but I can not bear you to leave me."

Mohammed is, like most of his countrymen, a man of cool, imperturbable temper. He gazed at her for a moment.

"It can not be," he said, at length.

"Do you refuse?" she cried, the blood rising to her cheeks, half in shame, half in rage.

"Lady," said he, very gently, "I love you too well to place you in a position of which you would repent in a few weeks. Adieu!"

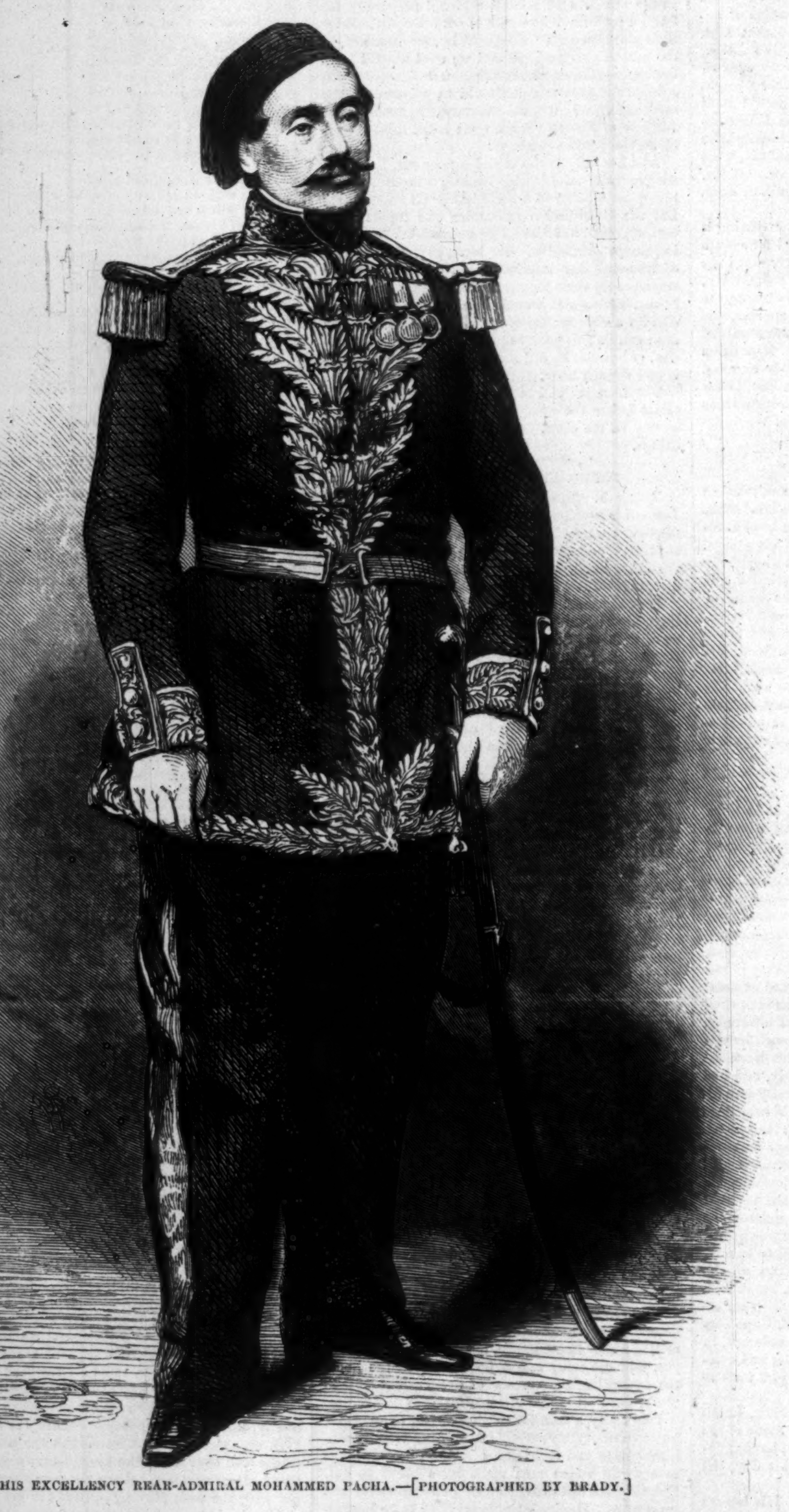
And as she sank, fainting, on the floor, he raised her up, kissed her gently on the forehead, forced a ring on her finger in memory of him, and tore himself away. Next morning, fearing that his resolution might give way, he went on board, and busied himself actively with his duties. The lady—so says our informant—is still at Pera; she is known as the *belle Française* who lost her heart years ago to a handsome officer of the Turkish navy, and lives only to admire his genius at a distance, and to pine over her own sad fate.

Seven years ago, when the Turks resolved to send contributions to the first great Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations at London, the Sultan felt that the vessel which bore the Turkish contributions should be commanded by a sailor who need not fear the criticism of the able seamen of England. He accordingly selected Mohammed Pacha for the post. Those of us who remember the British newspapers of the period will readily recall the attentions which were paid to him in England, and the astonishment created by his perfect mastery of his trade. An idea prevailed that the Turkish navy was officered by men who did not understand the first principles of seamanship; but the best sailors of England soon perceived that they could teach nothing to the captain of the *Merat*.

His name was in every one's mouth when the disaster at Sinope roused the British public to active sympathy with the Turks in their unequal contest with Russia. When the war broke out there was, at one time, a pretty fair prospect that at least a fair share of it would be conducted on sea. In this event, for which Mohammed—now captain of the three-decker *Treshrefeel*—ardently prayed, the Turkish navy would have had an opportunity of retrieving their fame. But fate willed it otherwise. The war was prosecuted on land only, and the only important service rendered by the *Treshrefeel* was that of a transport. Her captain, however, was enabled to give important advice to the Turkish commanders, and to afford wise counsel to the Government at home. Accordingly, when the war was ended, and the Sultan distributed his rewards, the captain of the *Treshrefeel* obtained his promotion to the rank of Vice, or Rear-Admiral, in the Turkish navy.

His Excellency is the youngest man who ever attained his exalted rank in Turkey. He has won it solely by his remarkable abilities and thorough knowledge of his profession. As a politician, he belongs to the school of which the late Reschid Pacha was the acknowledged chief—he believes that Turkey must fall into line with the other nations of Europe, and adopt every reform which experience and increased knowledge indicate as advantageous. He is, in a word, a progressive Turk, with an immense future before him.

He came to this country, as our readers are aware, with the design of superintending the construction of a frigate for the Turkish navy. He will, no doubt, speedily complete the contract for that purpose. It is to be regretted that he should have been allowed to fall into the hands of persons who may lead him to form an unfavorable opinion of the social civilization of the people of the United States; it is to be hoped that some of our best people will at last take him in hand, and prove to him that his New York friends were not all types of the educated American.



HIS EXCELLENCY REAR-ADMIRAL MOHAMMED PACHA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

THE LITTLE GRAY CLOAK.

There's a little gray cloak that goes trotting about—
Heigh ho, the little gray cloak!
There's a something beneath it, I have not a doubt—
Heigh ho, the little gray cloak!
In sunshine or rain, in pleasure or pain,
Wherever I go or whatever I do,
Like a sprite of the air, 'tis now here and now there—
I see it before me—that little gray cloak.

Oh, I fear that my heart is not strong as my eyes!—
Heigh ho, the little gray cloak!
That my heart is betraying itself by its sighs—
Heigh ho, the little gray cloak!
For all through the day a vision of gray
Is over my heart, and is over my eyes;
For my eyes I can't swear—for my heart, I declare,
'Tis under the folds of that little gray cloak.
I have faithfully sworn—to the oath I will own—
Heigh ho, the little gray cloak!
That the little gray cloak sha'n't go trotting alone—
Heigh ho, the little gray cloak!
I'll step by its side, and I'll take for my guide
Whatever may be in its mysteries hid;
I shall fear not the storm—it will keep us both warm—
For broad are the folds of that little gray cloak.

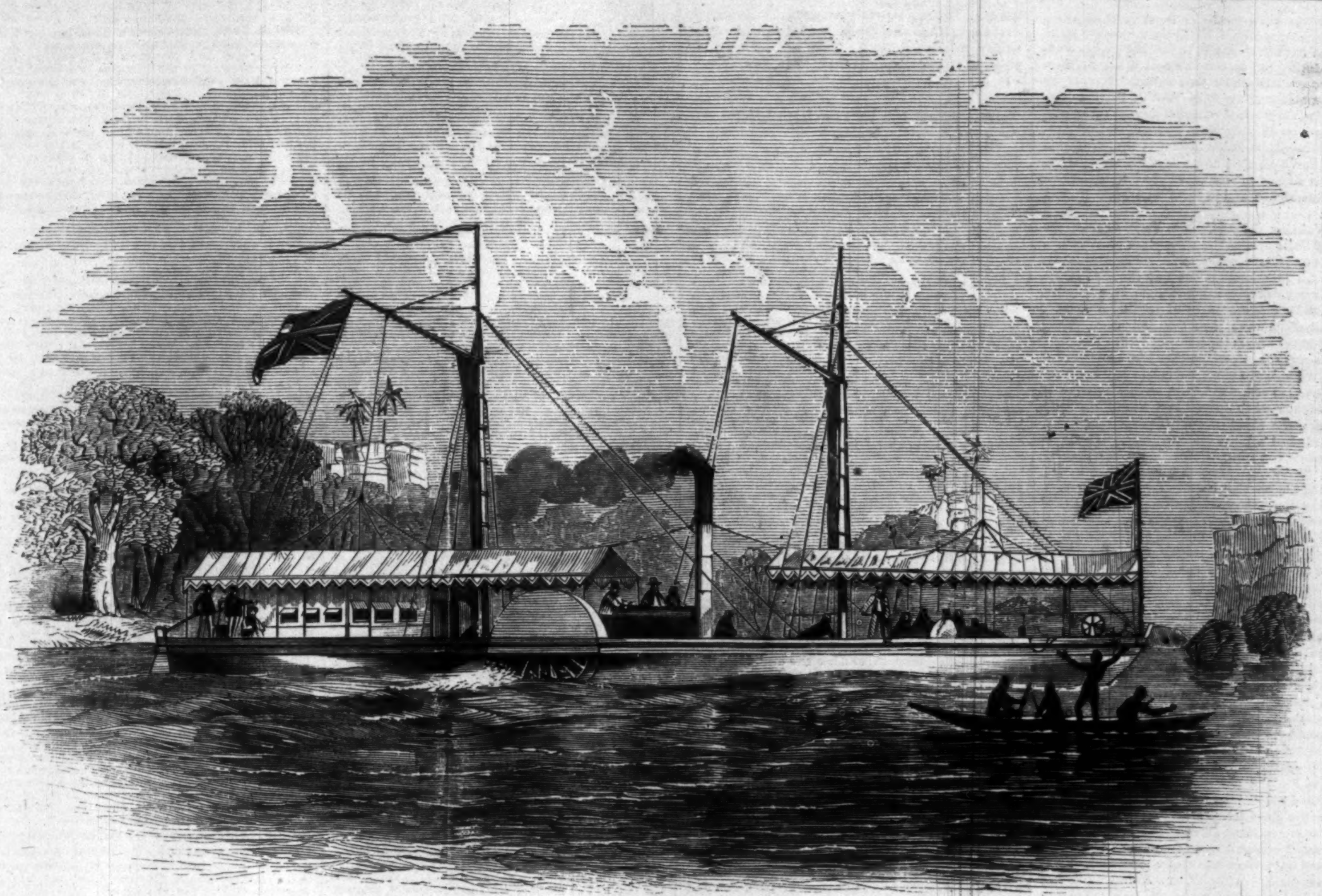
DR. LIVINGSTONE'S NEW VOYAGE OF AFRICAN DISCOVERY.

We engrave on the following page the launch which Dr. Livingstone takes out with him to prosecute his voyage of discovery in the interior of the African continent; likewise, the dinner which was given to him at London previous to his departure.

The fame of Dr. Livingstone as a traveler, and as a writer on Africa, has made his name familiar to the American as well as the European public. Every one knows him. The romance of his early career—his studies at the University, intermingled with and paid for by his arduous labors in a Scottish mill—his bold adventure as a medical missionary to Southern Africa, his successes among the natives, his wonderful discoveries, and his startling theories with regard to the future of Africa—all these are so well told in his recent book that they need no further comment here. We may remark, by-the-way, in this connection, that while the whole world is honoring Dr. Livingstone for his great exploits, and his worthy labors in the cause of civilization, in this country alone has a shameful attempt been made to damage his reputation, and make money at the expense of his fame by the publication of two ridiculous books, containing mutilated and unfaithful accounts of his travels. The public will but do him justice by reading no other "Livingstone's Travels" than his own account, published, by his authority, exclusively by Harper & Brothers.

Dr. Livingstone's design, on returning to England, was to induce the Government, or some one of the societies which are interested in the development of the African continent, to furnish him with means to prosecute still further his investigation of the resources, and especially of the commercial capacities of that unknown land. He has entirely succeeded in his aim. Both the Government and the African societies have agreed that he must be supported in the task which he has set before him. He has been furnished with means and with an adequate staff of assistants.

One of his first aims was to ascertain to what extent the great River Zambesi—of which we gave a striking picture in a former number of the *Weekly*—was navigable, and what trade could be prosecuted on its banks. For the purpose of navigating this magnificent river—which may be described as the Nile of Southern Egypt—the British Government have furnished Dr. Livingstone with a small vessel, of the kind called a launch. We take the following description of this little craft from the *Illustrated London News:* "The hull and boiler are built of 'steel plates.' From the extreme tenacity of its fibre, equal strength is obtained from homogeneous plates of half the thickness of ordinary iron plates, and the whole vessel rendered much lighter, a most important matter where a small draught of water is required. The launch is seventy-five feet long, eight feet broad, and three feet deep; and is in form simply a large, flat-bottomed canoe, each end having a great rise like those craft, which, from their handiness in turning or putting ashore if necessary, are the best adapted for shallow river navigation. The hull is divided into three sections, each complete and water-tight in itself, the centre section containing the boiler and machinery, which is a horizontal high-pressure engine, of twelve-horse power, the piston-rod working directly on to the paddle-crank, similar to the arrangement of a locomotive engine. At the bottom of each end of the centre section are projecting ledges with holes in them. These ledges or arms extend under the adjoining sections, and the holes receive small pins fitted in the lower part of the other sections. The upper portions of the transverse plates, forming the water-tight ends of each section, are also bolted to each other, and the whole vessel is thus compactly tied together. There is a flat keel and broad external-stringer plates, of greater thickness than the other portions of the hull, running the full length of each section, thus giving great additional lateral strength to the vessel. To her after end is attached a frame-work of iron rods, on which the rudder is hung. The rudder hangs lower than the bottom of the vessel, for her draught is so light (about fourteen inches) that otherwise it would not have sufficient power in directing her course. The fore and after sections are fitted up for the accommodation of those employed in the expedition. The depth of the hull is so small that, of course, the usual sleeping-berths are out of the question, but the most has been made of the limit-



STEAM LAUNCH PRESENTED TO DR. LIVINGSTONE FOR THE EXPLORATION OF THE ZAMBESI RIVER.

ed room; and each end of the vessel will be covered in with awnings, so that it will be something like living in a tent, with the additional advantage of always having a dry floor. There will be seats below the level of the deck, like those in the stern-sheets of a river barge, with 'bunks,' or slide-lockers, above them, for stowing provisions and stores. Two trials have been made of the launch in the River Mersey, and the result was most satisfactory, the engine making seventy to eighty revolutions with fifty pounds steam, and the vessel attaining a speed of nine miles an hour on a draught of water of about thirteen inches."

The vessel on board of which Dr. Livingstone is to sail for Africa is to take the launch on board as part of her cargo.

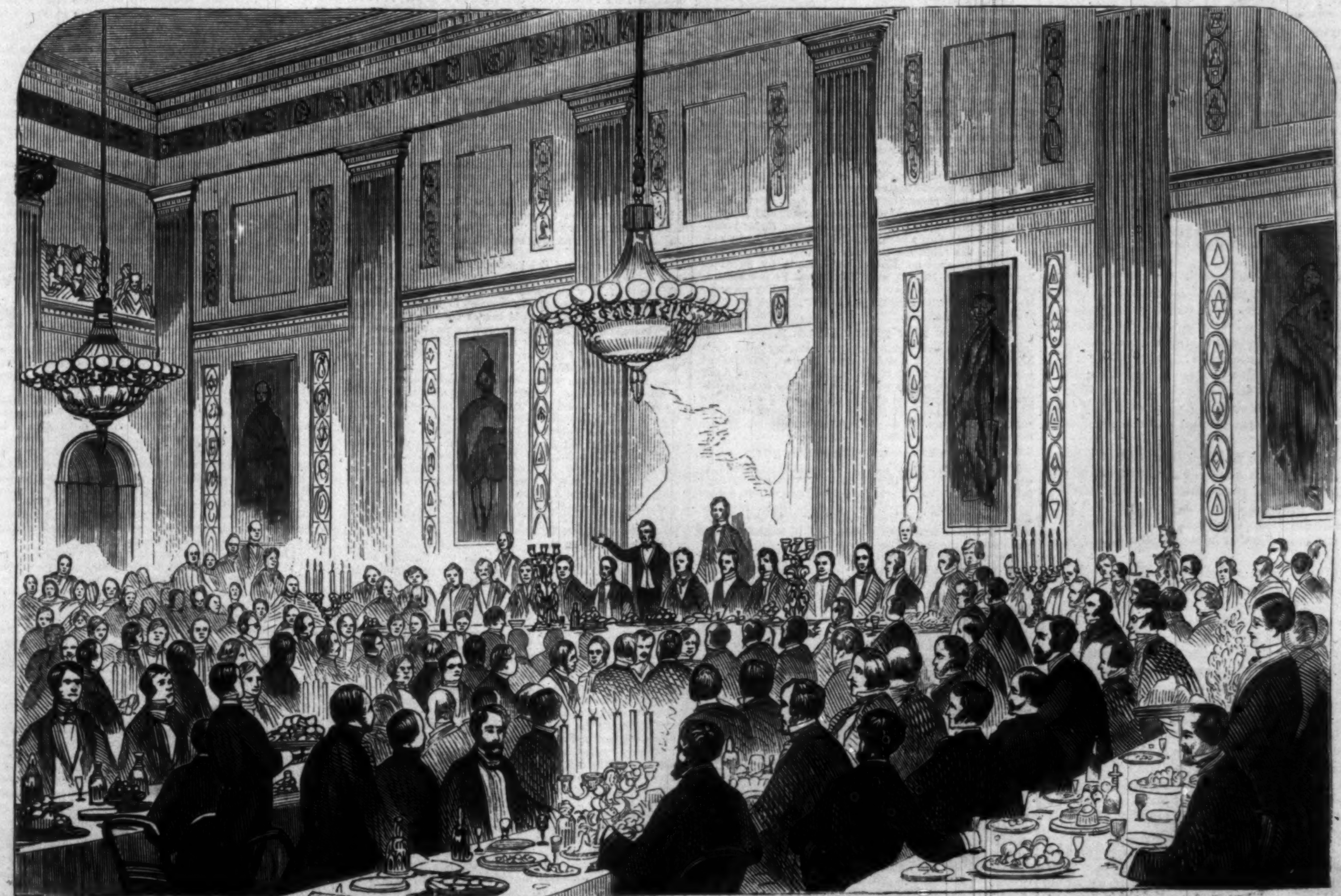
As to the staff of his exploring party, the speech of the Chairman made at the dinner which we illustrate below, conveys very full information. It is as follows:

"One of the members of the expedition is Captain Bedingfield, a man known to all geographers for his successful explorations of Africa, especially of the River Congo, and my distinguished friend will no doubt receive valuable assistance from that distinguished officer. Dr. Kirk, of Edinburgh, well known as a naturalist, also accompanies the expedition; Mr. Baines, the artist; and finally, not least in usefulness among the members of the expedition, Mrs. Livingstone."

We can not better close this brief notice than with the words in which Doctor Livingstone himself alluded to his wife on that occasion. He said:

"Now it is scarcely fair to ask a man to praise his own wife; but I can only say that when I left her at the Cape, telling her that I should return in two years, and when it happened that I was absent four years and a half, I supposed that I should appear before her with a damaged character. I was, however, forgiven. My wife will accompany me in this expedition, and I believe will be most useful to me. She is familiar with the languages of South Africa, she is able to work, she is willing to endure, and she well knows that in that country one must put one's hand to every thing. In the country to which I am about to proceed she knows that the wife must be the maid-of-all-work within, while the husband must be the jack-of-all-trades without, and glad am I indeed that I am to be accompanied by my guardian angel."

By this time the expedition is under way. The next we shall hear of them will be their arrival at the Cape, if they touch there; then they will be lost to us and to civilization until the time comes to reap the harvest of their labors. Every generous heart will bid them God-speed!



FAREWELL DINNER TO DR. LIVINGSTONE AT LONDON, ENGLAND.

LITERARY.

One of the most curious books that we have examined during the season is entitled Lost Chapters recovered from the Early History of American Methodism, by Rev. J. B. Wakeley. It is curious because it contains a great many personal sketches of early New Yorkers, and very remarkable incidents in the history of the foundation of that Church which is now one of the most powerful in this city or country. Methodists will prize the volume highly, and to them we especially commend it.

Mr. Wakeley defends New York against the claims of Baltimore as the birth-place of American Methodism. He appears to be successful in his argument. His sketch of the first church in John Street is remarkably interesting. It was commenced under circumstances of peculiar difficulty. The Methodists were then few and poor. They had worshiped first in the house of Philip Embury; then in a rigging-loft which they hired in William Street; and, at last, a pious woman declared that she was inspired to command them to build a church. They bought land in John Street and built. The whole country aided them. Their room, when completed, had a large chimney and fire-place in it to prevent its being in violation of the statute against Dissenters' meeting-houses. Here was nursed the Church that is now so great in the city. The first clergyman, Philip Embury, was a carpenter himself, and worked on the house as it progressed. Old Captain Webb, the one-eyed soldier, preached there in his regimentals, with his sword lying on the desk by his side.

Afterward occurred a very strange circumstance in the history of a New York church. It was neither more nor less than the buying of a slave. Here is a nut for the *sin-per-se* abolitionists to crack. The John Street Methodist Church bought Peter Williams, their colored sexton, for £40, and held him as their slave for years, and until he bought himself, dollar for dollar, and paid the church the sum total. Will not some one count up that "blood-money," and add compound interest, and see what portion of the John Street property ought now to be considered as derived from the sale of that slave? Will not some indignant ranter of the political pulpit take this matter in hand, and convince the John Street people of the iniquity of their present conduct in enjoying the results of that money? Was it a sin for the church to own Peter, and have they repented of the sin? Or is it not just possible, after all, that it may have been right, under the circumstances, for a church to own a slave; and, if so, what becomes of the *sin-per-se* doctrine?

Mr. Wakeley's book contains a great deal of readable gossip, and not a little valuable history.

The last book of Oriental travel is The Land of Promise, by Dr. Horatius Bonar, published by Carter and Brothers. No one who knows the eloquence of the pastor of Kelso can doubt that this book contains much of thrilling interest. We have before mentioned his travels from Cairo to Beersheba, by way of Sinai. We have now the continuation from Beersheba to Sidon, by way of Jerusalem, the Sea of Galilee, and Cesarea Philippi.

Readers of Mr. Prime's Tent Life in the Holy Land will be interested in Dr. Bonar's references to him when their routes of travel lay together, as they did from Jerusalem to Banias. The world contains few men gifted with such delicate and tender appreciation of the beautiful and the holy as this traveler. All his works have been favorites. His peculiar ideas on the second coming of Christ add special zest to his reflections as he walks up and down the holy hills.

The volume contains less of Dr. Bonar's peculiar emotional and powerful writing and thinking than we had hoped. But this is counterbalanced in the fact that it is a simple narrative of his travels, such as he might read aloud to his congregation at Kelso; and to this is added a careful and accurate account of every ruin, village, and town, with the Arabic name: so that we are disposed to consider the book one of the most valuable in a geographical and historical view that we have yet had on the Holy Land.

It is a pleasure to meet such men as Dr. Bonar in the world, and as pleasant to meet their writings. His soul is large and full. His thoughts, even when they are trite, have a heartiness about them that commends them. His devotion marks every page. Sometimes he startles us with a Scripture illustration that no one else has seen, but which he, sitting quietly on his horse, and looking to the right and left over the sacred soil, has felt with a force and a beauty that astonish us at our own blindness.

The volume is one which will be valuable to a person who desires a simple, earnest narrative of the pilgrimage of a pious, faithful clergyman to the Land of Promise and through it, with all the illustrations of Holy Writ that his active and educated mind could gather here and there as he traveled.

Carter and Brothers also publish a new edition of Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, in three volumes. The character of Mosheim is of course known to the whole Christian world, and this translation of Dr. Murdock has long since established its position, so that the announcement of a new edition is all that is necessary to call attention to it. While Gieseler has displaced Mosheim as a text-book and a volume of reference, the latter will always hold its place as a family volume, which every household ought to possess.

Mr. Horace P. Biddle publishes, through Moore, Wilstach, Keys, and Co., of Cincinnati, A Few Poems, which seem to depend on their vulgarity for popular favor. There is at least one poem in the volume which ought to bring it within the statute against immoral publications.

We mentioned two weeks ago the photographs of Oriental Scenes which are now in process of publication in England as among the finest works of Art of this age. They are for sale in this country by Mr. French, whose advertisement we give elsewhere. To their accuracy we are able to give our testimony, if the photograph needed it, while their beauty speaks for itself. They are, as we said, pieces of Egypt and Syria brought to New York.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, March 15, in the Senate, the Kansas question was taken up, and speeches were made (after personal explanations by Senators Broderick and Bigler) by Senators Wade and Mason. Senator Clark then spoke on Kansas, and in the middle of his speech moved to be allowed to conclude on the following day. Lost by 13 to 22. Senator Clark continued his remarks. Motions to adjourn—the night being far advanced—were made by Senators Chandler, Broderick, Wade, Wilson, and Seward; the majority voting them down. Much conversation ensued between Senators Green, Cameron, Pugh, Harlan, Toombs, Seward, Hamlin, Wilson, Benjamin, etc., as to the term which ought to be set to the Kansas discussion. At one A.M. Senator Doolittle moved an adjournment; negatived by 11 to 21. More conversation ensued between the senators who were present, and an acrimonious altercation took place between Senators Cameron and Green; after which an adjournment was finally carried by acclamation, on motion of Senator Wilson. ——In the House, Mr. English introduced and the House passed a resolution seeking information about the Louisville and Portland Canal. Mr. Gilmer introduced a bill to prevent an undue surplus in the Treasury. A Homestead Bill was introduced by Mr. Wright. Mr. Leiter introduced a bill providing for the election of postmasters by the people; also a resolution inquiring what members of the 33d Congress, who voted for the Kansas Bill, were subsequently appointed to office by the Administration. A resolution, liberating Mr. Wolcott from custody, was introduced by Mr. Hughes. Bills for the admission of Kansas were proposed to be introduced by Messrs. Gilmer and Davis, but leave was refused.

On Tuesday, March 16, Senator Hale laid before the Senate the agreement entered into between the Opposition and the Administration members, which was in the following words:

"We agree that the debate shall close and the question be taken on Monday next, but if it appears necessary that the sessions be protracted to allow free discussion, they shall be extended to such hour as we may indicate."

Senators Green and Cameron then apologized to the Senate for the altercation of the previous night. Speeches on Kansas were then made by Senators King, Mallory, and Pugh.——In the House the following bills were introduced: by Mr. Greenwood, to prevent negro stealing in the Indian Country; by Mr. Burroughs, for the construction of a wagon-road from the Columbia to the Missouri; by Mr. Borroughs, to grant land to the Niagara Ship Canal Company; by Mr. Phelps, for the admission of Kansas. This last Mr. Stephens moved to refer to the Committee on Territories; lost by 94 to 105. Resolutions were introduced by Mr. Covode for the adjournment of Congress on first Monday in June; and by Mr. Florence for an inquiry into the purchase of the Bank of Pennsylvania building for a Post-office. A memorial from the Legislature of Utah was read to the House.

On Wednesday, March 17, in the Senate, the memorial of the Legislature of Utah was ordered to be printed. A personal explanation between Senators Benjamin and Hale followed. Speeches on Kansas were made by Senators Crittenden and Trumbull.——In the House the Army Bill was taken up and discussed, without a vote being taken, by Messrs. Quitman, Pendleton, Marshall, Bingham, Bryan, Giddings, and Farnsworth.

On Thursday, 18, in the Senate, a letter was received from the Secretary of War, stating that Rock Island was no longer required for military purposes, and should be sold. Senator Collamer reported that no expenses of prosecuting before United States Courts in Territories could be paid. Senator Gwin offered a resolution of inquiry as to what steps have been taken as to the murder of a party of emigrants on the plains. Senators Toombs, Crittenden, and Bell then spoke on Kansas.——In the House the Army Bill was debated by Messrs. Savage, Washburn of Illinois, Marshall, Faulkner, Washburn of Maine, Smith, Blair, Quitman, and Morris.

On Friday, 19, in the Senate, a resolution of the Legislature of New Mexico was laid before the Senate, in reference to the organization and boundaries of Arizona. Speeches on Kansas were then made by Senators Foster, Clay, and Durkee.——In the House the Army Bill was further debated by Messrs. Faulkner and Quitman, and passed by 124 to 73. The bill, as passed, authorizes the President to receive into service one regiment of Texas mounted volunteers for the defense of the frontier thereof, and for the purpose of quelling disturbances in Utah, for the protection of supply and emigrant trains, and the suppression of Indian hostilities on the northern and northwestern frontiers. The President is authorized to accept the services of any number of volunteers, not to exceed in all four regiments. The same or any portion thereof to be organized into mounted regiments or infantry, as the President may deem proper. The volunteers are not to be accepted in bodies of less than one regiment, whose officers shall be appointed in the manner prescribed by law in the several States and Territories to which said regiments shall respectively belong. Speeches on Kansas were then made by Messrs. Montgomery and Brogan.

On Saturday, 20, in the Senate, Senator Bayard submitted a resolution which was laid on the table in reference to the relations between the United States and China. Speeches on Kansas were made by Senators Foot, Simmons, Bright, and Wilson.——In the House, speeches on Kansas were made by Messrs. Farnsworth, Maynard, Waldron, Giddings, Colfax, Adrain, Learing, Wright, Morse, and Smith.

THE NEW TREASURY LOAN.

The bids for the five millions of Treasury notes were $7000 at 3½ per cent, $10.000 at 3¾ per cent, $648,000 at 4 per cent, $500,000 at 4¾ per cent. Total below 5 per cent. $2,525,000, which will be awarded to the respective bidders. The bids at and above 5 per cent. were $4,937,000, of which $2.471.000 will be distributed *pro rata*, to make up the $5,000,000 advertised for by the Secretary.

THE KANSAS ELECTION RETURNS.

Mr. John Calhoun, of Kansas, has published a letter, in which he says: "I think it proper to state that recent information, through Governor Denver and others, leaves no doubt that the returned vote from the Delaware Crossing precinct, in Leavenworth County, should be rejected, and that certificates of election should be issued without reference to the vote of the precinct.

A month ago I was put in possession of a newspaper containing what purported to be the affidavits of the judges of election at that precinct; and, in a communication to the *Union*, I immediately stated that, if the facts contained in said affidavits were presented to me in an authentic and reliable form, I should be governed by them in determining the result of the election in Leavenworth County. Although I have not received any reply to my letter to Governor Denver, yet from various sources of information I am left in no doubt as to the statements of the judges of election at that precinct; and I shall, therefore, issue the certificates of election to the persons having the highest number of votes in Leavenworth County, irrespective of the Delaware Crossing precinct. I regret to add that this decision will give the control of Kansas to the party which I view as the enemy of the peace and good order, the Constitution and laws of the Union."

PERSONAL.

The War Department some time ago disapproved of the conduct of General Twiggs in ordering a Court of Inquiry, and directed him to promulgate this censure of disapproval in his next division orders. He did so, but accompanied it with comments, saying he would give both the bane and antidote together. A court-martial, composed of Generals Wool, Jesup, Harney, and other high officers, has been ordered to meet at Newport Barracks, Kentucky, on the 28th of April, to try General Twiggs on a charge involved in this matter.

The interview between the President and the Turkish Admiral, last week, was very brief, but of an interesting character. The visitors were received by the President at two o'clock, having first been formally introduced to the Secretary of State. The President said that it gave him great pleasure to offer the hand of friendship and hospitality to such a distinguished officer of the Ottoman empire. He assured him of a kind and friendly greeting from all true Americans, wherever he and his suite might go. He spoke of the friendly relations existing between the two governments, and did not doubt but this interchange of courtesies would go far to strengthen them. The Admiral, in reply, expressed his gratitude for the kind feeling and honor shown himself and traveling companions by the chief of so great a nation. He had been directed, he said, by his imperial master to be guided by the advice and direction of the President of the United States, and he desired to offer a *souvenir* in testimony of the high regard entertained by his imperial master.

Mrs. Senator Gwin has issued several hundred cards for a fancy ball on April 8, with a notice that a fancy costume will be obligatory.

Mr. Musard, the distinguished director of the "Concerts de Paris," arrived here in the *Arabia* on Saturday. Mr. Musard will spend the next two weeks in organizing his orchestra and preparing for the promenade concerts and *bals masques* at the Academy next month.

The *Times* correspondent says: "The marriage of the pretty daughter of the Attorney-General, last Wednesday, to a son of Governor Shunk (also of Pennsylvania), who occupies a clerkship in Judge Black's department, took every one by surprise. Nobody dreamed of such a thing! Neither were any 'bidden,' except the President, Miss Lane, private secretary Henry, Mr. Hickman, and two other Pennsylvania friends—ladies from Somerset County. Not an orange blossom—not a bride cake—not a wedding present! Worst of all, not a single Jenkins was 'posted up,' or enabled to learn any thing (as most of these Press-Hessians do) by pumping the servants. Even the dress-maker was ignorant that the traveling dress she made was for a bridal tour!

Mr. Douglas has been confined to his room for some days by sickness. The Republicans badly want him to speak, but his physicians say that he must not for some days. On Monday night, when an unexpected attempt was made to force a vote, he came into the Senate anteroom to engineer his forces, but did not take his seat. We learn that the excitement that he was under occasioned a relapse.

A correspondent of the *Evening Post* says of Senator Hammond, of South Carolina: "I knew his father, who was a true Yankee from Massachusetts. He then resided in Lexington District, South Carolina, and was the owner and manager of a saw-mill. He had previously carried on the business of a butcher at Columbia. His chief pride seemed to be centred in his son James, whom he trained from childhood in oratorical exercises. The mother of James was, I think, the daughter of an Englishman named Fox. So the aristocratic Senator is half Yankee, half Bull. His Yankee father grudged no sacrifice to make him an orator and fit him for public life."

John Percy sued the Albany *Evening Journal* for a libel, published eleven years ago. He claimed $10,000 damages. Last week the *Journal's* counsel moved to strike the case from the calendar. Mr. Percy replied. Judge Gould examined the matter, and granted the prayer of the defendant's counsel. This kills the case.

At Burton's Theatre, which has been engaged for three days by the revivalists, a young man rose in the pit and said that he had heard glorious news—namely, that the greatest actor in America, Edwin Forrest, had been converted in Philadelphia.

Mr. William Curtis Noyes has recently had completed for him an alto-relievo by Palmer. It is the imaging of Faith, with steadfast, onward step; only one object before its earnest gaze—the Cross in the Cloud.

Lieutenant Ives, who was sent out at the head of the expedition to explore the Colorado River, has been detached from that service and ordered to another duty in the same vicinity.

The recusant witness Wolcott, says the *Union*, remains an inmate of the keeper's office at the Washington Jail, having the privilege of taking out-of-door exercise. His New England friends do all in their power to make his position endurable.

The arrival of Madeline Smith, the alleged poisoner of L'Angelier, in the colony of Australia, is reported by the Ballarat *Times*.

The Bridgeport (Connecticut) *Farmer* says: "We hear that an interesting divorce case is soon to be tried before the Superior Court for this county. The parties are Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Hubbell, of this city. Mrs. Hubbell is the plaintiff. She is the eldest sister of the celebrated General Tom Thumb, now traveling in Europe. Mr. and Mrs. H. returned from England, a few days since, in separate steamers. It is rumored that they have not lived happily together for some time. The respectable position in society occupied by the parties will give the case an unusual degree of interest in this community."

Colonel Samuel Colt, of Hartford, has purchased the famous "Charter Oak Chair," refused by the Corporation of the city on account of its extravagant price. The Colonel paid $500. The chair is made from pieces of the Old Charter Oak, which exists no longer, except in scattered fragments.

At the meeting of the Board of Commissioners of the Central Park, last week, Mr. August Belmont was elected a member of the Board, in place of Hon. James E. Cooley, resigned.

W. A. Harris announces, in the Washington *Union*, his retirement from the post of editor and publisher of that journal. Cornelius Wendell is announced as his successor. Mr. Harris has made the official organ a highly readable paper.

A correspondent of the Boston *Journal* says that the late John Avery Parker, an enterprising and successful merchant of New Bedford, who died worth $1,300,000, was at one time in his life warned to leave Westport, Massachusetts, under the old law or custom as to warning strangers, lest he should become a public charge.

The *Daily Times* says: "Nathan Jackson, Esq., of this city, has celebrated his 78th birthday by making a gift to Williams College, Massachusetts, of $14,000 in cash and nine acres of land, with suitable buildings thereon, adjoining the college grounds in Williamstown, for which he paid $6000 in addition, though the land is worth more than its original cost. The particular object to which this munificent donation is to be applied is to found a Professorship for teaching Christian Theology, and branches of knowledge in harmony therewith, and also to aid the education of the sons of missionaries and others who are desirous of entering the Christian ministry. This charity is most worthily bestowed, and the object will commend itself to every lover of the missionary cause. Mr. Jackson has previously made several other liberal donations to the college."

Miss Tyrrell, the only daughter of the Admiral of that name, recently gave her heart, hand, and fortune, which consisted of no less than £100,000, to her preceptor. Mr. Hughes, the fortunate possessor, has only just attained his majority, while the lady is his senior by ten years.

Rev. William H. Milburn has been lecturing at Rochester, on the "Character of Aaron Burr."

Governor Banks, in a Message to the Legislature, has removed Judge Loring, in accordance with the vote of the two branches of the Legislature.

Col. John C. Fremont and family, together with several literary men and engineers, among others the son of Sir Charles Fox, of the Crystal Palace, England, have gone to Mariposa, California.

The *Times* has the following: "The celebrated committee, appointed to receive Vice-Admiral Mohammed Pasha and suite, have returned from Washington, and are as well as can be expected. Alderman Boole says there was some mistake in the telegraphed reports of the attempted robbery of the Turkish gentleman. He says it was not the Admiral's trunk that was cut open. It was the trunk of Hassan Bey; but fortunately there was nothing taken. It is supposed that just as the rascals had cut open the trunk they were alarmed by the approach of some person, and so decamped without spoil. A white kid glove of Hassan Bey was cut with the trunk. Some one having stated that it was a left-hand glove, the Alderman wished the mistake corrected. It was a right-hand glove. The Alderman carries the identical glove that was cut in his bosom, and any having doubts as to whether it is a right or left hand glove can see for themselves, by applying to the Alderman."

Isaac H. Smith, ex-Alderman of Brooklyn, but lately a resident of this city, died at his residence, No. 26 Beach Street, last week, from the effects of the wound received on Sunday evening by the discharge of a pistol in the hands of Mark Johnson, the bar-keeper of the People's Saloon, No. 388 Canal Street. Mr. Smith, it will be recollected, was passing through Canal Street with his wife, on his way to church, when Johnson, who was being assailed by some rowdies, fired a pistol at his antagonists, the ball from which struck Mr. Smith in the fore-arm, producing such a severe wound that he sunk under its effects. The affray grew out of a bar-room row. The saloon in which the disturbance took place is the same in which young Hamilton was cruelly murdered some months ago, and is a noted resort for prostitutes and other disorderly characters.

Frederick S. Cozzens, Esq., has accepted an invitation to deliver a poem before the literary societies of Hamilton College, at its next Commencement in July.

The Washington correspondent of the Boston *Journal* writes: The old hall of the House of Representatives is now only used as a thoroughfare between the Rotunda and the new ice-cream-saloon-like hall. During the past week, however, a delegate from Massachusetts has occupied one of the old desks, and has attracted quite a crowd of curious passers-by. It is the venerable Colonel William Emmons, long celebrated as, *par excellence*, the orator of Bunker Hill, in addition to his fame as a vender of *pop*, and of his immortal poetical effusions. The Colonel, with an eye to business, occasionally suggests to members of his audience, the expediency of purchasing a copy of his "historic poem in four cantos," and success generally crowns his desires. It is his intention to deliver his last farewell address to his countrymen, on Bunker's Hill, on the 17th of March next. His friends "will take due notice, and govern themselves accordingly."

FAMILY INFLUENCE IN WASHINGTON.

The Washington correspondent of the *Press* says: "It is curious to notice how 'family influence' controls things in Washington. Some skillful commentator could make up a most taking *brochure* on this subject if he chose to do so. The old families are adepts at this business. They are the nobility of the capital. They seem to think that every thing belongs to them and that they grow sons only to put them into place, or train daughters only to match them to fortunes or to bureaus. There are a number of families who have *five* and *six* in office. The army, the navy, the marine corps, the civil service, home and foreign, are honored by the scions of the first families. All kinds of fascinations are resorted to to accomplish these results. The labors of a dozen senators, the laurels won in a dozen party campaigns, even the learning and experience of a life, are nothing in comparison to the system adopted by those veterans in Washington society. Not, indeed, that there is any thing morally wrong in their manœuvres. I do not charge it. But it is a thing of almost daily occurrence to find a young fellow, without brains, but abundantly skillful in the arts and graces of the saloon and the opera house, and *au fait* in the more dangerous mysteries of the higher circles, seated in some official snuggery, where he can remain as long as he pleases, making his duties the incidental and his mustaches the main business of his life."

THE COURT-MARTIAL ON COLONEL SUMNER.

Colonel Sumner has been acquitted by the court-martial of the charges preferred against him by General Harney. The Court did not deliberate fifteen minutes. The Secretary of War has disapproved the finding of the Court, but has released Colonel Sumner from arrest, and directed him to join his regiment in Kansas.

NEWS FROM CAMP SCOTT.

John Hartnett, Secretary of Utah, arrived at St. Louis on the 13th instant. He left Camp Scott on January 26, and reports that the troops were in comfortable condition and excellent health, only four deaths having occurred since the arrival of the command. In view of a serious, if not insurmountable, obstacle in the fortifications of the cañons by the Mormons, it was thought that the entrance into the Salt Lake Valley would be made by another route a hundred miles longer, but offering no obstructions of any magnitude. Two hundred of the principal men of the Utah Indians had been into camp, and gave assurance of the peaceable intentions of the tribe toward the Americans. The Cheyennes also desired peace. With the exception of along the skirts of the south side of the South Pass, Hartnett met with no snow on the route.

TERRIBLE TRAGEDY IN A PENITENTIARY.

The Alton *Courier* of 9th March gives the following particulars of one of the most singular and terrible tragedies ever known to have occurred in the whole country.

"A convict named Hall, from Chicago, who is now serving out a second term, formed the idea of acquiring his liberty in the following method. He watched his opportunity shortly after breakfast, and when no other guard was in the hall surrounding the cells, except Mr. Crabb, whom he knocked down and stunned by a severe blow on the head, then dragged him into one of the lower cells, tied Crabb's hands behind his back, fastened the cell door by means of a stick of timber, previously put in the cell by some confederate, then drew a huge knife from his bosom, assisted Crabb to rise, put him against the door, and threatened him with death, unless he was allowed to go at liberty.

"This most daring attempt was soon known, and promptly brought Colonel Buckmaster and his guards to the spot. The convict threatened Crabb with instant death if any attempt was made upon the door, holding his knife within a couple of inches of Crabb's breast. For upward of an hour Colonel Buckmaster and his guards watched an opportunity to shoot him, but there being but one opening in the door, and that quite small, he kept Crabb constantly between him and the opening, so that he could only be reached through Crabb's body.

THE GUARD ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE.

"Thus matters continued until noon, when Crabb made some effort to open the door, but was immediately cut severely in the hand by the convict. During the day the convict stated his terms of submission to be a revolver, loaded by himself, a full suit of citizen's dress, $100 in money, and to be driven out of town in a close carriage, accompanied by Crabb, to such place as he should designate—all of which were of course inadmissible. In the mean time, however, Colonel Buckmaster procured a pardon from the Governor, to be used at his discretion; but up to twelve o'clock last night no information of it had been given to the convict. All day the guards were on the watch to shoot the scoundrel, but as he had positively declared he would kill Crabb if he was not instantly killed himself, great care had to be taken for fear he might put his threat in execution. Crabb had no arms whatever, the yard guards not being allowed to carry any, and had nothing whatever to defend himself from any attack of the desperado.

"About eleven o'clock at night one of the guards got a shot at him, but averted his fire upon a change of position, for fear of shooting Crabb.

"The entrance to the cell is very narrow, the door of plate-iron, with a small grating at the top for ventilation. The door opens inward, and is very strongly fastened. It is impossible to get at the scoundrel without using great force, which we learned would be applied this morning, unless he should be shot during the night. During the day great fears were entertained that he would kill the guard, and for fear of that, active operations were not pushed forward.

"Every thing was done which could be done consistently with Crabb's safety. No chance would the convict give for any injury to himself, as he either studiously kept the guard between him and the grating, or lay down against the door, and out of the reach of a shot. He professed to have no ill-feeling to Crabb, but had deliberately planned this method of gaining his liberty, and would kill Crabb and then himself unless he was pardoned and taken out in the manner stated.

THE FATAL STRUGGLE.

"At nine o'clock on the following morning Rutherford, the State Superintendent, and Colonel Buckmaster, warden, undertook to get into the cell of the prisoner by stratagem. Breakfast was set at the cell door in vessels of larger size than ordinary, but the convict refused to open the door until the hall was cleared, which, after a brief consultation, was done. The warden, superintendent, and guards were on each side of the cell, but out of sight and motionless. The convict slowly opened the door nearly enough to admit the food, when a crow-bar was instantly inserted. The warden cried out to Crabb, the imprisoned guard, to fight for his life. He accordingly sprang to the opening of the door, and at length dragged himself through, *but not before he was stabbed by the convict nine times, seven times in the back and twice on the arms.* When the poor victim was dragged out, the convict barred the door again and refused to yield. He was then given a few minutes for reflection, and the rebel was, after much dodging and effort to get out of the reach of the fire, *shot by the warden.* The ball struck his skull just below the left ear, and glancing around, lodged under the skull. He fell instantly and was dragged out of the cell, and was thought to be dead, but soon recovered and talked as sensibly as any man could under the circumstances. After the convict was taken out of the cell, his knife, about eight inches long, with a double edge, was found in the cell, and on his person was found also another larger knife, with a blade four inches long. Crabb, the wounded guard, was immediately taken to the hospital, and his wounds were examined and dressed by Dr. Williams, the prison surgeon, and Allen. The left lung was found to be twice perforated by the knife. It was said that every thing was done during the night to surprise the convict into a capture, but that he was vigilant and bloody from one minute's end to the other, and amused himself from time to time by pricking his victim with the point of his knife."

The convict has since died; the guard Crabb is doing pretty well.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE NEW MINISTERIAL PROGRAMME.

IN the House of Lords, on the 1st inst., the Earl of Derby rose to make his statement of the Ministerial policy. Having alluded to the importance of the duties that had devolved on him, he described the incidents preceding and following the resignation of the late Government.

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF THE GOVERNMENT.

As to the war in China, he had never denied that we had many grounds of complaint against the Chinese, and he rejoiced in the success of the British arms against them. He hoped that success would afford the opportunity of making, without delay, a safe and honorable peace, and re-establishing that intercourse which alone could render peace of the slightest service. The foreign policy of the Government generally would be directed to the maintenance of friendly relations with all Powers, great and small; it would neither take a tone of haughty intimidation nor of servile submission. If differences should arise, the Government would endeavor to arrange them by a frank explanation. If any remains of animosity existed from the war in which this country had been involved with Russia, he trusted that feeling would speedily be replaced by the friendly relations that formerly existed between England and that country. But of all our alliances, if there were one they should more than another seek to maintain it was the alliance with our nearest neighbor—the powerful empire of France. Every thing rendered a good understanding between England and France necessary to the peace of the world, which was endangered by any quarrel or even coolness between them. England could have no wish but for the wealth, the prosperity, and contentment of France, to which, with its great resources, nothing was necessary but the absence of internal political commotion. That was the best Government for France which best suited the temper and disposition of its people; but it was most important that it should not be subject to perpetual change. It was with this feeling that he rejoiced that the Emperor and Empress had escaped the recent peril of assassination—an attempt attended with every circumstance that could aggravate the crime of such a dastardly attack. If the case had been reversed, and a similar attempt had been made on the life of Her Majesty, what would have been the feeling of this country—especially if it became known that it was made by foreigners who had abused the hospitality of a neighboring country? Under such circumstances, the expressions of feeling should not be too nicely scanned, though he did not think the sentiments of some of the addresses of the French Colonels represented the general feeling toward this country of the great and noble army of France, because true valor never indulged in bombast. As to the foreign exiles in England, although the law provided penalties for crime committed here, it was impossible to put the law in force without an overt act. It was most unfortunate that, together with the bill introduced by the late Government, a dispatch was made public, unaccompanied by any answer or explanation. That dispatch would be answered, and, he trusted, in a manner that would remove all irritation from the minds of the people of this country. Under all circumstances, and without distinction, the right of asylum would be maintained inviolable, but it was an intolerable grievance that persons having that protection should by their acts involve or embroil England with its allies.

THE REFORM QUESTION.

As to an amendment of the present system of representation, he believed the House of Commons, under the last Reform Bill, had fairly represented the people; he should have been satisfied if, on a question so exciting, no alteration had been demanded. But for three or four years the demand had not only been made, but promised, by successive Governments, and occasionally in speeches from the Throne. He would not pledge himself now to introduce any bill of the kind, but as soon as the pressure of Parliamentary business allowed, he would carefully consider the defects in the existing system of representation, with an earnest desire that this great question should no longer be trifled with. He hoped next session to be able to introduce a measure which, though it might not please every one, would be accepted as fair and reasonable by impartial and moderate people.

RE-ELECTION OF MINISTERS.

The members of Parliament who have accepted office under Lord Derby are being re-elected to their seats, and generally without opposition. In their addresses to their constituents they throw but little light upon the ministerial programme.

ANOTHER EXHIBITION OF THE INDUSTRY OF ALL NATIONS.

A "Great Exhibition" for 1861 is spoken of, and the *Daily News* is informed that a special meeting of the Council of the Society of Costs has been summoned for the final consideration of the question whether the Society shall at once announce its resolution to direct and superintend an Exhibition of 1861, or any other year, and also to define the exact character which such exhibition should assume.

FRANCE.

THE TRIAL OF THE ASSASSINS.

The proceedings of the trial of the assassins have been published. Orsini was defended by the famous republican lawyer Jules Favre, who uttered, in the course of his speech, the following very remarkable sentences:

"The Procureur-General and myself may differ in political opinions. I ask permission not to incline myself before the principles and the men he defends, to preserve in my heart the sacred deposit of my impressions and convictions. But these convictions, the Procureur-General knows as well as I, have not assassination and the poniard as their symbol. I detest violence and condemn force when they are not employed in the service of right. If a nation is so unfortunate as to fall into the hands of a despot, it is not by means of a poniard that it will shake off its chains. God, who counts them, knows the number of hours despots have to last; and reserves to them catastrophes more inevitable than the machinations of conspirators. Such is my profound conviction, and yet, when Orsini appealed to me to be his advocate, I did not refuse. I knew what a terrible burden I accepted; how useless must my defense be; and I told him so frankly, at the same time expressing the horror with which his crime inspired me.

"I have neither the power nor the liberty to say here all that I have in my heart. The words of Orsini himself, in his letter to the Emperor, explain clearly the opinions on which he has acted and which led him to embark in his fatal enterprise. You have no need, gentlemen of the jury, of the adjurations of the Procureur-General; you will do your duty without passion and without weakness. But God who is above us, God before whom must appear the prisoners and their judges, God who will judge us and measure the extent of our faults, will pronounce on this man, and perhaps will accord him a pardon which the judges of the earth may think impossible."

THE SPEECH OF THE PROCUREUR-GENERAL.

M. Chaix d'Est Ange, in the course of his speech against the prisoners, remarked: "I could lay before you reports emanating not only from the Imperial Court of Paris, but also from every point of the territory, which would demonstrate that every where the champions of disorder, the promoters of anarchy, issuing from their retreats and resuming the audacity of the worst periods of our revolutions, went about from the 10th to the 15th of January, announcing to every one that the Emperor's life was menaced, and that civil war was about to break forth in Paris. Men whose lives were abominable were heard to boast that they had abandoned the pistol and the poniard—the vulgar instruments of assassination—and were about to profit by the discoveries of chemistry; that they should consume by conflagration, or even blow up, in case of necessity, an entire quarter of the city; and that they were certain of success. On the 14th of January the rumor circulated, on the same points I have alluded to, that the Emperor's existence was on the point of closing. It is, in fact, at his life such men aim, because it is on his life that order and tranquillity in Europe depend.

* * * * * * *

"It is in England, it is in a foreign country, that the abominable plot is planned, under the protection of those laws which are opposed to our habits, our maxims, our instincts, but of which laws we ought not to speak, in the first place, because we are imperfectly acquainted with them; and, secondly, because they are the laws of old and free England."

TREATMENT OF THE PRISONERS IN PRISON.

Though Orsini is said to have displayed much calmness since his condemnation, yet, to prevent any attempt by his own hand, it was thought prudent to use the *camisole-de-force*, or strait-waistcoat. The others, with the exception of Gomez, who is not condemned to death, are similarly treated. Orsini, De Rudio, and Pierri have been removed to the prison of La Roquette, there to await the execution of their sentences, unless the Court of Cassation, to which they have appealed, should find their trial to have been irregular. This, however, is very unlikely.

RAGE OF PIERRI.

Orsini, Pierri, De Rudio, and Gomez, on returning to their prison after the trial, appeared to retain all their usual calmness, but at the moment when the strait-jacket was being put on them, Pierri gave way to the most violent rage, venting his passion particularly against Orsini. "I wish," said he, "that Orsini had a dozen heads, and that they were all to be cut off, in order that he might suffer the longer." De Rudio was very much cast down. He fancied he saw the scaffold standing before him; and he declared that in his sleep he felt as if the iron were touching his neck. Orsini preserved a composed attitude, and mostly remained silent. Pierri, it is said, expected to come out of the affair safe and sound; and so deeply had that hope taken possession of his mind for several days before, all his thoughts had been concentrated on what had become of his umbrella. He had even written several letters on the subject, requesting that it might be sought for and be ready for him when he should be released from prison.

ORSINI'S APPEAL FOR ITALY.

The papers contain a dying appeal from Orsini to the Emperor in favor of Italy. It contains the following:

"In order to maintain the balance of power in Europe it is necessary to render Italy independent, or to tighten the chains by which Austria holds her in bondage. Shall I ask that for her deliverance the blood of Frenchmen shall be shed for the Italians? No, I do not go so far as that. Italy asks that France shall not intervene against her, and that France shall not allow Germany to support Austria in the struggles in which she may perhaps be soon engaged. This is precisely what your Majesty can do if you are so inclined. On your will, therefore, depends the welfare or the misfortune of my country—the life or death of a nation to which Europe is, in a great measure, indebted for her civilization. Such is the prayer which, from my cell, I dare to address to your Majesty, not despairing but that my feeble voice may be heard. I beseech your Majesty to restore to Italy the independence which her children lost in 1849 through the very fault of the French. Let your Majesty call to mind that the Italians, among whom was my father, joyfully shed their blood for Napoleon the Great, wherever he pleased to lead them; that they were faithful to him until his fall; and that, so long as Italy is not independent, the tranquillity of Europe and that of your Majesty will always be vain illusions. May your Majesty not reject the last prayer of a patriot on the steps of the scaffold! May you deliver my country; and the blessings of 25,000,000 citizens will follow you to posterity! FELICE ORSINI.

"PRISON OF MAZAS, *Feb.* 11."

HOW THE PROCEEDINGS CAME TO BE PUBLISHED.

The publicity which the trial, including the speech of M. Jules Favre, has obtained, has been, it is but just to add, at the special desire and order of the Emperor. The Advocate-General submitted to the Minister of the Interior two sets of proof sheets containing the report of the *Gazette des Tribunaux* and the *Droit*. One set was that which was corrected for publication, and the other as it issued full and complete from the pens of the short-hand writers. The Minister submitted them in turn to the Emperor, who gave orders that nothing should be suppressed in the reports, and that M. Jules Favre's speech, which was the most difficult to deal with, should be given in full. Perhaps one or two sentences were omitted, but otherwise it was published in the *Moniteur* nearly as he spoke it.

THE IMPERIAL PRINCE.

The Paris correspondent of the London *News* gives the following interesting sketch of the Imperial Prince: "I have never seen it stated in print," says the writer, "that the Imperial Prince had been seen to walk alone. Considering what pains is taken to show his little Imperial Highness to the public, his daily rides in the Champs Elysées, escorted by cavalry, and his frequent promenades in his goat carriage in the reserved garden and on the terrace of the Tuileries, it certainly seemed probable that, if he had been an accomplished pedestrian, opportunities would have been taken ere this to let the multitude see his performances. A notion had, therefore, got abroad that he must be more backward in regard to walking than children of his age (nearly two years) usually are. I, however, am now able to bear witness that he not only walks well, but is wonderfully strong upon his pins. Happening to pass through the Carrousel, at guard mounting, this morning, I saw his Imperial Highness come out of the centre door of the Pavillon de l'Horloge on foot, walking between two governesses and followed by a footman. He was dressed in a sky-blue tunic, with a black hat and feather and dark gaiters. He walked southward along the pavement under the windows of the Tuileries, as far as the little private door in the Pavillon de Flore, then turned and continued his promenade along the whole length of the palace, rounded the corner, went as far as the guard-house near the gate leading to the Rue Rivoli, and afterward went back to the centre of the Palace, where he was put upon the back of a remarkably fine donkey, which was waiting for him. During the whole of this long walk he frequently rejected the proffered assistance of the governesses' hands, and seemed to delight in getting a little before them, to show his consciousness that he was a great personage, and they his attendants. He walked remarkably quick, with a long even step, putting his little feet firmly on the ground, and every now and then ran a little, to leave the governesses behind him. I did not see him trip once. It was the finest thing in the world to see him return the salutes of the sentries, who presented arms to him. He raised his hand to his cap in true military style, just at the proper moment, with an air of modest assurance, in which there was nothing playful or childlike. He looked as serious as Tom Thumb used to do when dressed as General Bonaparte. There can be no doubt that this child, in whom so many and such vast hopes are concentred, has already, by the force of education, a precocious sense of his own importance. He carried in his hand a little flexible sword, which he brandished continually, with wonderful energy and determination, as if longing for something to strike. As far as the dynasty depends upon the health, strength, and excellent conformation of the heir-apparent, the Emperor and Empress have every ground for hope and confidence."

MARSHAL BOSQUET'S ILLNESS.

A Paris correspondent writes: "Marshal Bosquet's illness is a more serious one than has been said. Its cause is not a very honest one; that is becoming generally known here. Some weeks ago he had an affair of honor with an artillery captain apropos to the latter's wife. They went to the Belgian frontier, fought, and the marshal got a sword wound, thought at the time to be nothing dangerous, but which has since had bad consequences. Wishing to keep the whole thing hidden, it seems, Marshal Bosquet led a too active life, and the result has been the apoplectic fit of last week, represented as to the full as much apoplexy of the lungs as of the brain. This is much talked of just now."

THE ONLY INDEPENDENT SENATOR.

A Paris writer says: "One senator—one only—has voted against the 'Public Safety' Bill. His name deserves to be recorded. It is General M'Mahon, the brave soldier who commanded the assault upon the Malakoff Tower. General M'Mahon's conduct has produced a great effect. He has, for as long as Louis Napoleon reigns here, stopped his military career; but he has raised himself mountains high in the esteem of all really honest men. The Faubourg St. Germain again blame M'Mahon, and say he has done such a 'foolhardy' thing; and they dread lest any part of the responsibility of his conduct should ever fall upon them, to whose ranks he belongs."

MINISTER MASON'S BALL.

On the night of the 22d, his Excellency Mr. Mason gave a grand ball to commemorate the glorious anniversary, and invitations were sent out to the number of at least twelve hundred.

At no ball of the season have I seen such beautiful toilets, and such a collection of really beautiful women. Mrs. Paine, of New York, accompanied by her husband, was present, and was tastily dressed as she is ever. This lady has attracted attention at the Tuileries balls, and many compliments have been paid to her good looks and beautiful toilets; with her was Mrs. Meagher, also looking very lovely; in fact, I may say that noticeable among the pretty women present, were Mrs. Curbin, Mrs. Moulton, Mrs. Barney, Mrs. Lacroix, Mrs. Bigelow, and many others unknown to me. Mrs. Le Sieur was covered with magnificent jewels, and several of the leading Mexican and Spanish families in the city made a like great display. The Ageros, the Evrazzus, and the members of the Mexican legion; the wife of the Minister of Wurtemberg, formerly Miss Lee, and her sister were present; and the Minister of Denmark was accompanied by his daughter Mademoiselle Dirckinck, a most lovely young lady; General Morgan, consul at Marseilles, was present, as also General J. A. Thomas and his lady. Mr. and Mrs. Spencer were present. This gentleman, consul in this city, has a right to the thanks of his countrymen in this place for the unbounded hospitality he has shown them since his arrival here. The crowd was so great that it was almost impossible to dance; in the different rooms the ladies were packed as tight as crinolines would allow; and as for the gentlemen, they seemed to be trying to settle the fact of how small a space a man might stand upon. The attempts to get up quadrilles or polkas were signal failures until a late hour in the night, and then the older and non-dancing portion of the visitors having left, the young ladies and gentlemen remaining had the finest German of the season.

MANLINESS OF GENERAL CHANGARNIER.

It is announced in the *Moniteur* that Generals Changarnier and Bedeau have received permission to return to France. General Changarnier, however, has declined to avail himself of the offer, and has addressed from Malines the following stinging sarcasm to the editor of the *Indépendance Belge*: "Sir—I have just read in your second edition the following telegraphic dispatch: 'The *Moniteur* announces that Generals Changarnier and Bedeau are authorized to return to France.' Amidst the blessings of peace France, justly proud of the glory of her incomparable army, which I have so many reasons to love, has no occasion for the services of one of her most devoted soldiers; she will, therefore, approve of his waiting to enjoy the ineffable happiness of seeing her again until she shall be in possession of laws protecting the dignity and safety of her inhabitants."

THE BUTCHERS' TRADE THROWN OPEN.

The Emperor's Government has at length decided to throw open the butchers' trade in Paris. Any body may now be a butcher, and may buy his stock wherever he likes. He will be subject to no other restrictions than those police regulations already in force to prevent unwholesome meat from being sold. As a matter of course, the absurd tax which has been in force for three years, and according to which the best leg of mutton in France was obliged to be sold at the same price as the worst, is abolished. The report states that the new measure is taken against the opinion of the municipal council. It is to come into operation on March 31. The Minister is careful to tell the people not to expect any great reduction in prices at first.

THE HORSE-TAMER IN PARIS.

The commission nominated by the Emperor, consisting of General Fleury, Mr. Mackenzie Grieves, and other gentlemen acquainted with the nature of the horse, to examine into Mr. Rarey's mode of proceeding, has terminated its investigations. In order to put the system to a vigorous test, it caused to be purchased, at Caen, a four-year-old horse, by Tipple Cider, noted for its violence, and for kicking furiously whenever an attempt was made to put a crupper on it. In the space of four days this horse was as docile with the saddle and in harness as could be desired, and he allowed a whip to be cracked about his head, and a drum to be beaten on his back, without any manifestations of fear. We are informed that the results of the various experiments, and especially of the one in question, are considered by the commission perfectly satisfactory, and that, in consequence, their report to the Emperor will be very favorable to Mr. Rarey. A new experiment was made, on Tuesday, at Tattersall's, on a stallion belonging to the Haras du Cluny, the property of Government, and which was so untamable, so vicious, so furious, in fact, that a resolution had been adopted to kill it. The animal was lent for the purpose by M. de Baylen, chef de la division des Haras in the Ministry of Agriculture and Commerce, and as many as three hundred members of the Jockey and other clubs assembled to see what Mr. Rarey could do with him. In company with this horse, which arrived with a cavez on, and muzzled, and led by two men, Mr. Rarey fastened himself up in a stall, and, in an hour after, he came out mounted on its back. Although the horse had always previously bitten the legs of every one who mounted him, he was then perfectly quiet; and though the very sight of a whip was accustomed to put it in a fury, it received a correction as quietly as the best broken-in horse would have done. The members of the Jockey Club were astonished at what they witnessed, and broke out into loud acclamations of admiration; after which they gathered round Mr. Rarey to compliment him. M. de Baylen, for his part, warmly expressed his surprise and pleasure, and, at his request, Mr. Mackenzie Grieves gave the spectators an account of the character of the horse. Mr. Rarey then requested to be allowed to keep the horse for three days, promising, at the end of that time, to give him up as quiet as any lady's horse, and his application was granted.

HORRID MURDER IN THE COTE D'OR.

A young man named Guignard murdered his father and two sisters in the beginning of the last month for the sole purpose of robbing the house. He has been brought to trial, and it was proved in evidence that the father of the murderer was an industrious shopkeeper in the small town of Beaumont, in the department of the Côte d'Or. He was a widower, having three daughters and one son, whom he had carefully educated. One of the daughters was fortunately absent on the night of the murder on a visit to her grandmother. The son, on the night of the 1st February, armed himself with a hatchet, and murdered his two sisters in their sleep, mutilating their bodies in a hideous manner. He then drank some brandy and murdered his father in the same manner. He next plundered the house of every thing valuable and fled. He was shortly afterward arrested, tried, and sentenced to death. A thrill of horror ran through the court, at the description given of the mangled corpses of the father and the two daughters, while the prisoner at the bar was perfectly unmoved.

GERMANY.

THE PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA AT HOME.

The Princess Royal has put 1000 thalers at the disposition of the authorities of Berlin for distribution among the poor. She has also sent 300 to the town of Potsdam for the same purpose. In both cases she has at the same time made over to these officials, who have local knowledge of the poor in their respective places, the different applications that had been made to her for relief. The letter which accompanied the first-mentioned gift to the city of Berlin is as follows:

"HERR OBERBURGERMEISTER.—The reception that has been given to my husband and myself in Berlin was one so beautiful and so festal, the city and all its inhabitants have taken so lively an interest in it, that my heart experiences the necessity of finding some expression for the warm gratitude it feels. Will you be the exponent of these my feelings to the city and its population? They are feelings which I owe in no less measure for the hearty reception and welcome in all the towns and every place that we touched in our journey hither than for proofs of interest from all the provinces of the kingdom. This country, in which I have long taken a most lively interest, has by its friendly advances made it doubly easy for me to feel myself at home in it, as belonging to it. I believe I act conformably to the feeling of the population of the capital in herewith sending you, Herr Oberburgermeister, as a token of my sentiments, a sum for the poor of Berlin, the distribution of which among worthy recipients I venture to beg the magistracy to undertake, with full confidence in the correctness of its application. To this end I will also make over to the magistracy, for their consideration, the applications for relief which have been made to me. Your well-affectioned,

"VICTORIA,
"Princess Friedrich Wilhelm von Preussen, Princess Royal of Great Britain and Ireland."

ITALY.

OUTBURST OF PUBLIC FEELING AT VENICE.

That public feeling has undergone no change in Italy may be inferred from a recent occurrence at Venice: In the Fenice theatre, during the representation of a musical drama, entitled *Candiano IV.*, in which a chorus of conspirators had to repeat over and over again the verse "Corriamo animosi la patria a salvar," the police had taken the precaution to have the word "patria" changed into "Giovanni," the name of one of the persons of the drama. But this was in vain; for the people in the pit, having been informed of the alteration, enthusiastically applauded that passage night after night; and on the last evening, when the series of representations was about to close, a cry was raised from every part of the theatre, "Non Giovanni, ma la patria; viva la patria!" while the clamor and plaudits were raised to their highest pitch, and a police-officer, who made his appearance on the stage, warning the spectators to be quiet, was quite unable to calm them. The uproar went on fast and furious, and they enthusiastically chanted the significant verse, "Corriamo, corriamo la patria a salvar!" At last it was found necessary to let the curtain drop, and clear the theatre by main force.

TURKEY.

DEATH OF THE SULTAN'S BEST FRIEND.

The Constantinople correspondent of the *Daily News*, after recording the death of Achmet Fethi Pacha, who did good service to his country by his reorganization of the Turkish artillery, says: "Great as is his consequent loss to the public service, his death has occasioned no surprise. For the last three or four years he was known to be suffering from organic disease of the heart, the fatal tendency of which—as every body also knew—was heightened by vinous indulgences which would have excited much orthodox hostility had they not been shared in by his imperial brother-in-law. Twice or three times a week for the last three or four years did a solitary caique leave the stairs of the palace shortly after sunset had clothed the shores of the Bosphorus in respectable obscurity, and, gliding quietly down to the mouth of the Golden Horn, land its muffled freight at Topkhaneh. There, in the luxurious little kiosk of the Grand Master of Artillery, was a dual debauch kept up—always into the 'short hours,' and often till dawn was breaking over the hills behind Scutari, when the waiting caique bore back its imperial passenger to Dolmabaktcheh, to sleep off through the coming day the effects of copious alternations of Champagne and bitter beer. Achmet Fethi stuck to port, but his august companion divided his affections between the rival beverages of Burton and of Epernay. Grim death, however, has now parted the revelers, and sorrow clouds the brow of Abdul Medjid."

INDIA.

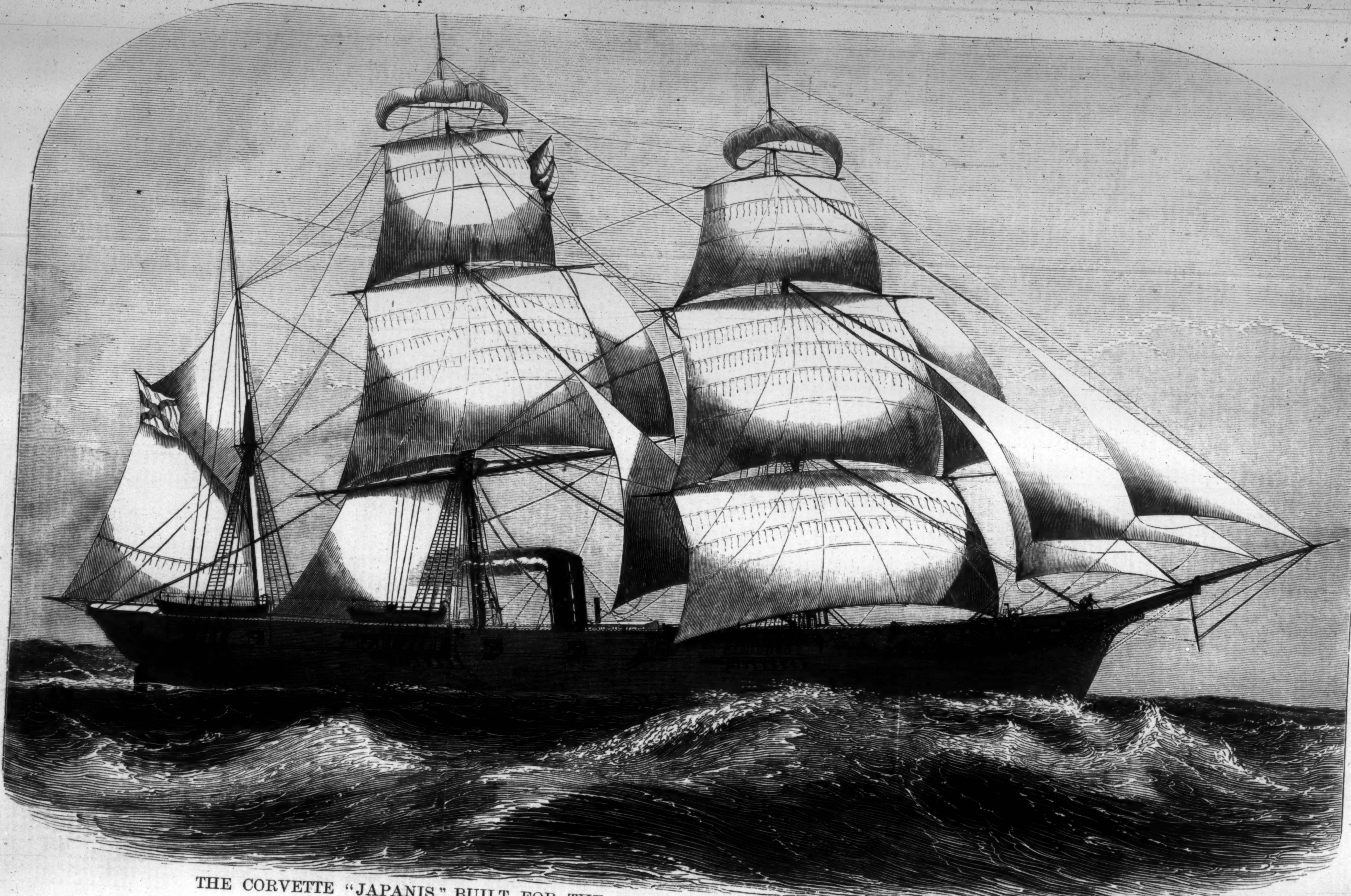
THE LATEST NEWS.

The commander-in-chief, at the head of the force of 250 (25,000?) men, with about seventy pieces of ordnance, continues collecting supplies and means of conveyance at Futtyghur. He is expected to move on. Oude will be invaded by masses of troops advancing on all sides about the 25th. The enemy are fortifying Lucknow by this time in great strength. There are about 100,000 of them in arms. They are said to be losing heart and anxious to negotiate. Sir James Outram has been left undisturbed since the 16th. He was reinforced on the 22d by Her Majesty's 34th, from Cawnpore, a convoy of stores. A party of Rifles have taken up a post on the Lucknow road, one march from Cawnpore, where they will remain to keep open communication. Sir H. Rose, with Central India Field Force, captured the strong fort Ratgurh on the 29th, the enemy having escaped over the walls. He relieved Saugor on the 3d, and released about 100 Christian women and children. The garrison had been shut up for six months. The Rajpootana field force captured Avas on the 23d. It was the strongest town in Rajpootana. The garrison escaped over night, in a frightful storm of thunder and rain. The cultivators busily employed every where cultivating their winter crops, and the revenue being collected in the districts around Delhi as if nothing had happened. The 72d Regiment arrived at Bombay on the 7th, and the 18th Regiment reached on the same day, *via* the Cape.

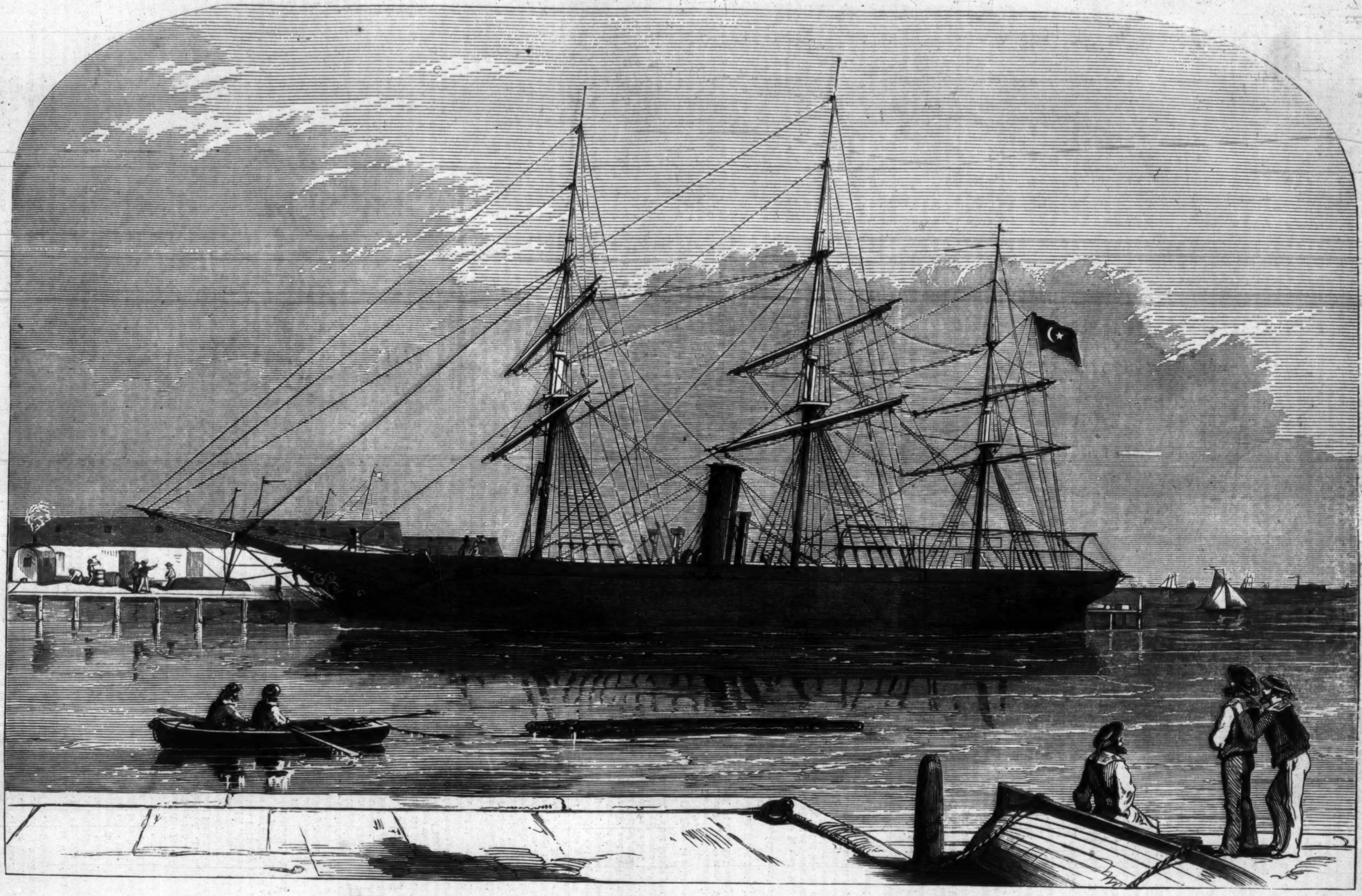
MORE VICTIMS OF THE MUTINY.

A Calcutta correspondent of the *Examiner* says: "Perhaps you have not heard that three ladies are known to be in Lucknow, where they are confined in one small room, but protected by a Vakeel. Two of them are the widows of officers who have fallen; but it is supposed they have not heard of the death of their husbands. A letter from one of them has reached its destination: it is affecting to find that the writer had lost all note of the passage of time, asking when it would be Christmas. As soon as Sir James Outram became aware of the facts, he offered the rebels £15,000 for their ransom, which Lord Canning immediately doubled."

Another letter says: "I regret to conclude my letter with an account of another massacre. Six persons—Sir Mountstuart Jackson, Captain Patrick Orr, Lieutenant Barnes, Sergeant-Major Morton, Miss Madeleine Jackson, and Mrs. Patrick Orr—were known to be in the hands of the Oude rebels. It was hoped that they would be spared as hostages, but the thirst for blood is still unslaked. All the males were blown from the guns in the first week of this month. The ladies are still alive, but in confinement, and have lost, they say, all reckoning of time. The Governor-General has offered a lac of rupees for each of them, but, I fear, without effect."



THE CORVETTE "JAPANIS," BUILT FOR THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT BY W. H. WEBB, OF NEW YORK.



THE EGYPTIAN YACHT "VOYAGEUR DE LA MER," BUILT AT BOSTON.

THE RUSSIAN CORVETTE AND THE EGYPTIAN YACHT.

We engrave on the preceding pages the fine corvette *Japanis*, just built by Mr. W. H. Webb, of this city, for the Russian navy; also the Egyptian yacht *Voyageur de la Mer*, built at Boston for the Pacha of Egypt.

The former craft, the *Japanis*, was built in pursuance of a contract between Mr. Webb and Captain Crown, of the Russian navy, for the construction of a vessel combining larger size with less draught of water than had hitherto been deemed practicable. She is a perfectly beautiful and magnificent vessel, and does the greatest credit to Mr. Webb's skill.

Her length on deck is 214 feet; breadth of beam, 36½ feet; depth of hold, 17½ feet; draught of water, 14½ feet. The engines, made at the Novelty Works, are two oscillating cylinders, each 51 inches in diameter; stroke of piston, 3 feet, or about 800 horse power, with two flue boilers. The propeller is 12½ feet in diameter.

Her armament consists of an eight-inch pivot-gun at each end, and four medium 32-pounders on each side. In consequence of the difference in the size of the guns usual in the Russian Empire the armament will not be furnished by Mr. Webb, except the small-arms.

The captain's cabin is lined with variegated woods, highly polished, and fitted with bath, secretary, drawers, closet, etc. The captain's state-room contains water-closet, bath, pantry, drawers, desk, etc.

The ward-room is of polished oak, very chaste and neat, also arranged with water-closets, pantries, and state-rooms for eight officers, fitted with desks, drawers, etc. The after-steerage is arranged with state-rooms for eight officers, all connecting with the ward-room.

The steerage forward is arranged with accommodations for eighty men, and, in case of necessity, can receive one hundred. The water-closets for the crew are arranged inside of the vessel, under cover, instead of outside, in the head, as is usual in men-of-war.

The fittings and furnishing of the cabins are of a very costly description, being of a far superior quality to those usually furnished in vessels of war. The marble furniture, upholstery, silver, cutlery, and crockery are of the most sumptuous description, both in quality and finish. The total cost of the vessel and equipments is about $250,000. She will be taken out to Hong-Kong by Captain Hall, and there delivered to the representatives of the Russian Government, and will sail early in April.

The other ship which we engrave, the *Voyageur de la Mer*, was built in the neighboring town of Boston, for the Pacha of Egypt, from a model furnished by a naval architect. She is a vessel of 1300 tons measurement, 216 feet long, 22 feet deep, and 37 feet beam.

She is entirely constructed of iron, being one of the few iron vessels built in this country. The total weight of iron consumed in her structure reached the enormous aggregate of 881,000 lbs.; to hold the plates together no less than 300,000 rivets were required. These plates vary in thickness from three-eighths to three-quarters of an inch in thickness. The frame also is wholly of iron.

She is full ship-rigged, but is provided with a propeller as well as masts and sails. For greater safety she is traversed from side to side by fine water-tight bulk-heads; so that her hull consists of six water-tight compartments, each wholly independent of the other. She has two flush decks.

Her machinery was intended to be of the most perfect character. Her boilers, four in number, were designed by James Montgomery, and built by O. S. Underhill, of the Dry Dock Works of New York. Her engines, which are oscillating, are of 800 horse-power each; they were built at the Atlantic Works, East Boston. It will be noticed that they are unusually powerful for such a vessel.

The *Voyageur de la Mer* is originally designed as a pleasure-boat for the Pacha of Egypt. Her appointments are of the most complete and luxurious character. No drawing-room is more comfortable than her saloon; and the Pacha has not in his palace a more convenient chamber than the state-room in which he will sleep on board his yacht. We believe that she is provided with every "modern convenience"—such as gas, hot and cold water for baths, bells, etc., etc. She has been described as an American first-class hôtel afloat.

It seems, however, notwithstanding all the care that has been lavished upon this vessel, and all the outlay, that she does not answer the expectations of her builders. Some defects in the machinery department have hitherto baffled the efforts of the builders to make her steam as she should, and loud has been the wail at Boston over the misfortunes of the craft which was to do Boston so much credit in Egypt. We have, of course, no opinion to offer on the subject; we hope, however, that the accidents which have occurred may be remedied in future, and that the Pacha may ere long make his trial trip in *Le Voyageur de la Mer*.

THE APPARITION OF MONSIEUR BODRY.

I.

Exactly one hundred years ago there lived in Paris, in the Rue Saint Martin, a rich silk-merchant named Gombert. He was about sixty years of age, a widower, with an only child, a beautiful girl of nineteen, who was no less admired for her personal attractions than for the handsome fortune which she was likely one day to inherit. Madeleine Gombert was, indeed, the great match of the quarter in which the silk-merchant dwelt, and if she did not marry it was not certainly for want of suitors. A hundred years ago the reign of the Encyclopedists had begun, their doctrines had penetrated far and wide, and religion was going out of fashion; but a stranger accidentally dropping into the church of Saint Merri, on a Sunday morning, would have concluded, from the number of young men who knelt at mass and sat out the sermon, that devotion had—at all events—lost no ground in that quarter of the city. He would, however, have been wrong; the cause of this crowd of devotees arising simply from the fact, that Saint Merri was the parish church of Monsieur Gombert and his daughter, and that to see and, possibly, attract the notice of the beautiful Madeleine, had a great deal more to do with their attendance than the sincerity of their faith, or their admiration for the preacher. Whether Madeleine Gombert were aware or not of the sensation which her presence excited I will not pretend to say: the chances are, that feminine instinct set her right on this point, though it did not influence her conduct. As for Monsieur Gombert, he was as far as possible from putting a right construction on this peculiar demonstration; to doubt was not his habit. He accepted every thing literally, and believed religiously in all he saw.

Of course, it was never intended by nature or custom, by Madeleine Gombert or her father, that the possessor of so much beauty, and the heiress of so much wealth, should go to the grave unwed. Her marriage had, in fact, been a thing decided on, after the usual French mode of that time—where there was any thing to marry for—while she was yet a child. The business of the silk-merchant of the Rue Saint Martin had thrown him in very close relations with a rich manufacturer of the city of Lyons, of the name of Bodry. As the connection increased, the desire arose on each side to cement it by the union of the two families. Monsieur Bodry had an only son, Monsieur Gombert an only daughter. Could any thing be more natural than a compact between two capitalists, the terms of which should be, that Monsieur Bodry's son should marry Monsieur Gombert's daughter?

Although the proposed marriage of Henri Bodry and Madeleine Gombert was an arrangement of ten years' standing between their parents, which needed no consent on the part of the contracting parties, still, with the view of making them acquainted, Monsieur Bodry one fine morning consented to the request of his son, that he might go to Paris to see his betrothed, a few months before he came of age; on which occasion the nuptials were to take place. The young man felt, without doubt, a certain degree of curiosity respecting the person who was destined to be his partner for life; but—if the truth must be told—he was, though of feeble constitution and uncertain health, extremely fond of pleasure. Then, as now, Paris was the focus of enjoyment; and to have his full swing of the capital before he settled down for good was the thing of all others which the young Lyonnese most ardently desired. Supplied, then, with a full purse, and the letter of introduction to Monsieur Gombert, which constituted his sole credentials, Henri Bodry set out from his native city, about the latter end of November, in the year seventeen hundred and fifty-seven.

A hundred years ago the journey from Lyons to Paris was an affair of time. Ordinary travelers usually went by roulage, and consumed nearly twenty days on the road; but the wealthier middle-classed aspired to the coche, a lumbering carriage without springs, nearly as heavy and almost as slow as the public wagon, but infinitely more genteel. As the roulier did not comport with the dignity of Henri Bodry he took the coche. In those days of rare intercourse between places separated by any great distance, it seldom happened that the traveler who was going all the way met with a companion similarly intentioned. For the most part, people descended at intermediate towns, where others supplied their places; but it not infrequently chanced that a dreary blank with no new faces intervened, creating that worst of all sensations a Frenchman can experience, the intolerable ennui of having nobody to talk to.

Henri Bodry's prospect at starting was of the latter cheerless character; for, after passing Trevoux, he found himself the sole occupant of the coche; and this irksome solitude lasted until he reached the ancient city of Mâcon. The coche, as soon as it was dark, put up for the night at the auberge called The Cross of Burgundy; and in a large room containing four beds, the usual complement at that time, Henri was left to sup and sleep, and make it out how he might until eight o'clock on the following morning, when the vehicle would be once more in motion.

With a long November evening before him, the prospect was not a pleasant one; but while he was waiting for his promised supper, a stranger entered the apartment, dressed as if for a journey, and carrying a small valise in his hand. He was a young man, apparently about the same age as Bodry, good-looking, and of a cheerful, pleasant countenance. After bestowing a glance on the occupant of the chamber, the stranger looked about him, as if to see which bed was unoccupied, and then took possession of one of them by throwing his cloak, hat, and valise upon it. This act of appropriation performed, he approached the table where Bodry sat, and without any preamble asked him if he was traveling, and which way he was going. With the frankness of his age, Henri at once told him his destination, at which the new-comer expressed great satisfaction, he being also bound for Paris, and, as freely as he had inquired, went on to say, that he had come some distance across the country, was very cold and hungry, and if Monsieur had not already eaten his supper, would be most happy in being permitted to share that meal with him. Bodry was delighted to have a companion so agreeable, and acquiesced in the proposal most readily; the supper was soon served, and over a bottle of Moulin à Vent, the wine for which Mâcon is still so famous, the young men rapidly made acquaintance. At twenty years of age there are no reserves. Bodry entered into his own affairs without the slightest concealment, described his position, stated the object of his journey, and fairly acknowledged, in reply to a laughing question from the other, that he had no great vocation for his impending marriage.

In return for this confession, the stranger said, his name also was Henri—Henri Blaireau—the son of an avocat at Bourg-en-Bresse; that he was not overburdened with money, but hoped to acquire it by following his father's profession, after he had studied enough law at the college in the Rue St. Jean de Beauvais. As to the law itself, it was not his choice; he would rather have spent a fortune, than be at the trouble of making one—but what would you have?

The intimacy which thus sprang up between the travelers was not diminished by the time they reached Paris. On the contrary, it had grown into a strong friendship. Their habits and tastes were so closely allied, that what the one proposed the other was sure to agree to.

Among the subjects which engaged them during the latter part of their journey was the question where they should lodge on their arrival in the capital. Bodry knew nothing of Paris, and therefore made no objection to the Quartier Latin when it was proposed by Blaireau; so they went to the Ecu d'Argent, in the Rue des Carmes—an auberge which the latter had heard his father praise, when slightly in his cups, as being the only place in Paris for drinking Vin de Beaune. It was not a fashionable part of the town, but the college was near and the residence of Monsieur Gombert not remote.

Notwithstanding this proximity, it seemed that neither love nor law was meant to be the first consideration with Messieurs Bodry and Blaireau. Together, they saw the Marionettes on the Boulevard du Temple; together they went to dance at the gardens of the Colisée; together they dined at the Moulin de Janelle, the most celebrated of all the extra-mural taverns of Paris; together, they went every where, in short, except to the College of Law and the Church of Saint Merri.

One evening, when they were returning home, accident led them through the Rue Saint Martin, and a qualm of conscience came over Bodry when he remembered that he had been already three weeks in the capital without delivering his letter of introduction or making any inquiries after Monsieur Gombert and Mademoiselle Madeleine. A qualm of conscience sometimes arises from a physical cause. Henri Bodry was a little out of sorts, and proposed—like a certain gentleman when he fell sick—to do something extraordinary by way of amendment. When he reached the Ecu d'Argent, however, he felt so much worse that he went directly to bed; in the course of the night he was seized with a violent fever, and, though it in some degree abated on the following morning, he remained very ill. Nothing could exceed the kindness and attention of Henri Blaireau. He sat by his friend's bedside all night, ministered to all his wants, soothed him by his care and encouraged him by his conversation.

Bodry's discourse turned chiefly on what was uppermost in his mind at the moment of his seizure; and his desire to make the long-neglected visit was increased by a letter which arrived from Lyons, asking him many questions respecting the silk-merchant's family. But it was in vain he strove to rise; the fever still held him in thrall; yet, in the perversity of his malady, he persisted in declaring that the visit must immediately be paid. Henri Blaireau urged that Monsieur Gombert was not aware of his being in Paris, with various other arguments, and concluded by saying, that if his friend desired it, he would go to the Rue Saint Martin and explain the circumstances of the case.

This last suggestion operated singularly on the mind of the feverish invalid. Yes! Blaireau should go as he proposed; but he must not say a word about his illness; he must present himself as the real Bodry—keep Blaireau entirely out of sight—and by-and-by, when he was able to appear in person, they might make merry over the joke and laugh it entirely away. Blaireau combated this proposition at first; but, finding that his objections only increased his friend's nervous irritability, he consented.

His task was not a difficult one, for Monsieur Gombert knew very little of his correspondent's domestic affairs, and nothing personally of his future son-in-law. The worthy silk-merchant embraced his visitor with all the effusion which the approaching connection seemed to warrant, and met with a demonstration no less cordial. It was in Monsieur Gombert's counting-house that the greeting took place, but, the greeting over, the scene was changed to an inner apartment, where Madeleine with her *bonne*, who had nursed her from her cradle, was occupied with her embroidery. A feeling almost akin to envy was Blaireau's first sensation on seeing the beautiful girl to whom Bodry was betrothed, but it lasted only a moment, being quickly superseded by the pleasure he experienced in looking at and conversing with her. At the end of a couple of hours he found himself head over ears in love. On the other hand, the impression which he appeared to have made on Monsieur Gombert and his daughter, and on the old nurse, who had a voice in every thing, was all he could have desired, provided, always, that he had been Henri Bodry, and not his temporary substitute.

Unwillingly, at last, he rose to take his departure, and lingered as he pressed the hand of Madeleine Gombert, which was not, he fancied, too suddenly withdrawn; neither did the expression of her countenance convey the idea that he would not be welcome when he renewed his visit. All this was consistent enough with the relation in which Henri Bodry stood toward the family Gombert; but, somehow or other, Blaireau could not divest himself of the notion—which ninety-nine Frenchmen out of a hundred would have entertained—that no small share of the reception accorded to him was a tribute to his own personal qualities.

On his return to the Rue des Carmes he found Henri Bodry much worse. A physician was sent for; Blaireau was unremitting in his attention, but the fever increased alarmingly, and as evening drew on he began to fear for his friend's life. At Bodry's request Blaireau related to him all the particulars of the interview in the Rue Saint Martin, and the subject still engrossed the mind of the sick young man, to the exclusion of every other. Even when conscious of his own danger he still continued the theme.

"I have often been ill," he said, "but never felt before as I feel now. Should I die, Henri Blaireau, promise me here, that you will still be Henri Bodry. Think what a desolation it would be to Monsieur Gombert and Madeleine to be told of my death! Marry her, for my sake; then I shall feel that I have done my duty in giving her the husband she expected. No, no, I am not light-headed, I know very well what I say. Unless you promise this I can not die content."

Blaireau felt convinced that his friend's mind was wandering, but, to keep him quiet, he again promised all that was required. For half an hour Bodry remained silent, and his anxious attendant believed he slept; but suddenly he rose up in bed, and a distressing change was apparent; his breathing came short and thick, his voice was faint and low, the hand of death was evidently upon him. Grasping Blaireau's arm convulsively, as if striving to draw him closer, he feebly whispered the word "Remember!" and then fell back dead.

II.

It was ten o'clock at night, and Monsieur Gombert was alone in his counting-house. Every thing was silent in the apartment but the ticking of one of those large clocks—white-faced, blue-figured, and highly bedizened with gilding—which we call of the age of Louis Quatorze, though they belong to the time of his great-grandson. That clock had just struck ten, and the last stroke had hardly ceased to vibrate when Monsieur Gombert, who happened to raise his head, became aware of some one who was standing near the door. He had not heard any body enter, perhaps because he had been absorbed in his accounts, and his astonishment—not unmixed with fear, for he was of a nervous and timid nature—was very great.

"Who is there?" he asked, with hesitation. "Is that—you—Jacques?"

Jacques was Monsieur Gombert's confidential clerk; but no Jacques replied, and the silk-merchant remained speechless, with his eyes still fixed on the figure, which now slowly advanced a few steps, and, as it seemed to him, without noise. As the figure drew nearer, though the light from his solitary candle was very dim, Monsieur Gombert perceived a pale, hollow face, which wore an expression of great anxiety; the eyes were wide open and glittered exceedingly, and a quantity of dark hair streamed wildly. Monsieur Gombert gasped for utterance, but it was denied him. The appearance came nearer still, and then Monsieur Gombert imagined—but doubted, notwithstanding that he recognized features he had lately seen. This supposition gave him a glimmer of courage.

"My friend," he said, "what brings you here at this hour?"

"Death!" answered the figure, in a deep, sepulchral voice.

"How! Death! Has any misfortune arrived?"

"The greatest that can happen to man. Henri Bodry died an hour ago. I come to invite you to his funeral."

"You! you! But you are Henri Bodry!"

"I was—this morning."

"Ah! Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the merchant, and fell senseless from his stool.

At his outcry and the noise he made in falling, Madeleine and old Petronille, the bonne, who were at work in the next room, rushed into the counting-house. They supposed Monsieur Gombert was in a fit, and hastily applied such remedies as they could devise. After a few minutes the silk merchant opened his eyes.

"Where is he?" he said, looking round with horror.

"Who, Sir?" asked Madeleine. "What do you mean?"

"Who?" he repeated, slowly, again looking round him. "Who? Henri Bodry. He was here this moment."

"Impossible, Sir!" said Petronille. "You were alone when we came, which we did on the instant you called out. There was not the shadow of a person in the room."

"The shadow!" returned Monsieur Gombert. "Ah! that is it. The shadow. It was no living being."

"I beseech you, my father," said Madeleine, "to tell us what is the matter. You look ill and frightened."

"I have reason to be so," replied Monsieur Gombert. "I have seen a spirit."

He then, as collectedly as he could, related what had occurred.

"This is a fancy," said Madeleine. Monsieur Gombert shook his head.

"A dream," observed Petronille. "You supped well on that famous goose of Alençon—you had more than one glass of Burgundy in honor of Monsieur Bodry"—the silk merchant shivered—"over your books after supper; a wrong time; you became sleepy; an indigestion arrived—there!"

Ingenious reasoning, but not satisfactory to Monsieur Gombert.

"I saw him," he persisted, "as distinctly as I see either of you. It was the face of a dead man. He invited me to his funeral."

These words, and the earnestness with which Monsieur Gombert spoke, infected Madeleine and Petronille with some of his own fear. They also looked timidly about them, dreading to behold some hideous apparition.

Mademoiselle Gombert was the first to regain her presence of mind.

"Let somebody be sent at once to ask news of him."

This suggestion was immediately adopted. Jacques, the confidential clerk, who lived in the house with the rest, was thought the most proper person to employ, and, without being made aware of the motive which had led to his errand, was directed to ask if Monsieur Henri Bodry would come and see Monsieur Gombert directly. In less than half an hour he returned, with a countenance much discomposed.

"Sir," said he to Monsieur Gombert, "I bring you very sad tidings. The young gentleman who came here only this morning so full of life and spirits died about an hour ago!"

Madeleine Gombert was thunderstruck. She could scarcely believe her ears. But it was more than astonishment. There was a pang at her heart. That fine, handsome young man, who had so much interested her!

Monsieur Gombert felt very ill, and went at once to bed. Old Petronille and his daughter kept watch beside him with as many candles burning as there were candlesticks in the house to hold them; and, further to scare away all evil spirits, Madeleine read aloud the Office des Morts, Monsieur Gombert joining fervently at the end of every psalm with the anthem, "Heu mihi!"

So much affected, indeed, was the honest silk-merchant by the sudden death of his correspondent's son that he did not get the better of the shock for several days. To attend Henri Bodry's funeral was entirely out of the question; and the knowledge that it had taken place while he was confined to his room materially contributed to his recovery.

"Once fairly under ground," thought Monsieur Gombert, "he is not so likely to pay me another visit, unless—unless—" and this doubt harassed him sorely—"unless he is vexed at my not having complied with his wishes."

As for Madeleine, poor girl, she talked over the sad event with old Petronille. It was the only consolation she could find for the loss of her lover. She also sought comfort in devotion, and, instead of going now and then when the day was fine, went regularly, morning and evening, to mass in the church of St. Merri.

III.

IN the mean while Henri Blaireau had paid the last offices to his friend in the Cemetery of the Innocents—at that time the place of burial for half the people of Paris—and had written an account of his untimely death to the elder Bodry at Lyons, informing him that all his son's effects were under seal. These pious duties performed, he directed his thoughts to what concerned himself. But he found the study of the law much more distasteful to him now than it had even been before. In vain he pored over Pandects and delved into Digests; nothing came of it; one object always kept floating between his eyes and the page, which neutralized all his toil; and that object was the smiling face of Madeleine Gombert.

"How unfortunate," he constantly reflected, "that I should have presented myself in the name of another man! She had never seen Henri Bodry—not even friendship subsisted between them; her regret, if she feels any, must all be on my account, and I—unhappy wretch that I am!—I have made myself my own rival! If Monsieur Gombert had accepted the invitation to the funeral, I could then have explained my poor friend's caprice, but to attempt to do so now would expose me to I know not what odious accusations."

This hourly Jeremiad made him, of course, much less of a lawyer and much more of a lover than ever, and it always ended in his throwing aside his books and wandering forth to the Rue Saint Martin.

One rainy evening, weary of pacing up and down the dark, damp street without any reward, he stood up for shelter in the porch of Saint Merri. The vesper service was going on, and, thinking the inside of the church more comfortable than the out, Henri Blaireau pushed open the little baize door and entered. The interior was nearly as obscure as the street he had left, for Saint Merri is a large church, and was very dimly lighted. The congregation, as thin as it generally is at vespers on a raw, foggy, wet winter's evening, seemed to consist of only a few old women, and Henri roamed undisturbed through the aisles, thinking, as usual, of Madeleine Gombert. He had twice crossed the small lateral chapel which stands on the south side of the building, without noticing that any one was there; but the third time he passed, his attention was attracted by a female figure kneeling before an altar dedicated to the Virgin. Something besides curiosity prompted him to stop and gaze. He did more than stop; he drew nearer, placing himself discreetly behind a massive pillar, the better to obtain a view of her face. For some time she remained absorbed in prayer. At length she raised her head, and the lamp above the image of Our Lady shedding its rays full on the worshiper, revealed to him the features of Madeleine Gombert. He uttered an exclamation of surprise, at which Madeleine looked round in the direction from whence the sound proceeded; but she soon withdrew them, unable, apparently, to penetrate the gloom. Once more she prayed, and Henri felt an almost irresistible longing to cast himself on his knees before the same altar and pray there, too. But the fear of disturbing her made him pause, and while he hesitated she rose. She did not perceive that she was not alone in the chapel, and came up to the spot where he stood. He put out his hand and caught her by the sleeve. She turned quickly, and, lighted by the altar lamp, beheld, close to her, the countenance of the man for the repose of whose soul she had just been praying. The sight was enough to startle the strongest nerves. "Heaven! Monsieur Henri!" she cried. "Save me, Mother of Grace!" and as fast as her feet could carry her she rushed to the chancel door.

To run after her was Henri Blaireau's first impulse, but he had not gone three yards before he tripped over an old woman who was fast asleep (at her prayers) in the aisle, and came down on the pavement with a crash. In the midst of a furious scolding, Blaireau picked himself up as well as he could, and then, remembering for the first time what was due to the proprieties of a church, desisted from further pursuit. To quiet the old woman, whose occupation (besides praying) was the letting of rush-bottomed chairs to the pious, he gave her all the sous he had in his pocket, and then stole away on tip-toe, thinking himself lucky in not having drawn on his head the fulmination of the officiating priest. Once outside, he quickened his steps; but all his haste was vain: he only arrived within sight of Monsieur Gombert's door to see the skirt of Madeleine's garment disappear as the portal was closed.

Could he not find a lodging in the Rue St. Martin—could he not find a lodging in the very house where Monsieur Gombert dwelt?

He resolved to return next day and see about it. Fortune might be more propitious the next time he encountered the beautiful Madeleine; at all events, he would enjoy the melancholy pleasure—this is the way a lover always puts it—of seeing the object of his affections, even if he were himself unseen.

Mademoiselle Gombert said nothing to her father about her fright in the church of St. Merri, but she made a confidante of Petronille. The old bonne crossed herself on hearing the fearful tale, and asked a great many questions. In what form did the apparition present itself—did it wear a shroud—was it very pale—did it speak—had it a smell of sulphur? All that Madeleine could say in reply was, that the spirit appeared to her to be dressed in the usual male costume, and looked exactly like Monsieur Henri Bodry.

IV.

THE next morning, in order the better to execute his project unobserved, Henri Blaireau set off to the Rue de la Grande Friperie, where he bought at one of the numerous second-hand shops in that useful quarter, a three-cornered military hat and a long, gray dragoon-cloak, which last, though it had seen at least twenty years' service, was declared by the conscientious merchant who sold it to be better than new. Wrapping himself closely in his dragoon's costume, he then proceeded to the Rue Saint Martin, and carefully reconnoitred Monsieur Gombert's house once more. Daylight enabled him to discover what had been hidden by the darkness of night, the very thing he desired: on one of the door-posts of the open gateway was an écriteau announcing that a garni, or furnished room, was to be let, application to be made to the concierge. It was not on the ground floor, for these were the silk merchant's warerooms; neither was it on the first floor (the house had no entresol), for there were located Monsieur Gombert and his family; neither was it on the third floor—but without stopping at every landing-place, let us climb at once to the top of the stair-case, open the door of a chamber, familiarly termed a mansard or garret, and there we have the joli appartement, bien meublé, as the concierge poetically described it. What furnished it well, consisted of a truckle bed without hangings, two rickety chairs, and a still more rickety table; what made it handsome was, perhaps, the flooring of red tiles which, in spite of their color, did not make the room look warm. It was, in short, a wretched hole, and Henri Blaireau shivered as he cast his eyes round it, but then he was under the same roof with the maid he loved, and that reconciled him, of course, to its wretchedness. He returned to the Ecu d'Argent, settled his account, and loading an Auvergnat with his own and his deceased friend's trunks—a weight which the strongest mule might well have refused to carry—finally installed himself in his delectable abode.

But there was one obstacle to complete concealment which no precaution could overcome. If there be any particular spot on the face of the globe where gossip holds its head-quarters, it is in a Paris porter's lodge, and this was equally the fact in the reign of Louis the Fifteenth as it is in the reign of Napoleon the Third. The occupants of the lodge at Monsieur Gombert's were Pierre and Phrosine, an elderly couple, whose surname was Le Pocheux: the former had been for many years a soldier, the latter every thing in the menial line, and their marriage had been as much an affaire de convenance as if his father had called himself De Rohan and hers De Montmorency. Gossip was the staple of their intellectual existence, and though there did not appear to be much food for it in so simple a circumstance as the hiring of a garret at ten livres a quarter, yet the military externals of the new lodger had fixed the attention of Monsieur Pierre, whose scrutiny inclined him to think that the dress and its wearer did not altogether correspond: so much baggage, too, was incompatible with the condition of a person who took up his lodging under the eaves; and, finally, Madame Phrosine had taken particular notice of very white hands, very bright eyes, and a very handsome face, as far as the cocked hat and the cape of the cloak allowed them to be visible.

The greatest ally of Monsieur and Madame le Pocheux was, naturally, Madame Petronille (they never failed to salute each other with the prefix which I have adopted), and to her they imparted the news of the stranger's arrival, accompanied by their own enlightened commentaries. Gossip is the mother of a great many children, and her eldest-born is Curiosity. The old bonne became curious about the mysterious dragoon, and it was not long before her curiosity was shared by Mademoiselle Gombert. To have a peep at him, on the first opportunity, was Petronille's expressed intention.

For the first hour or two after he was established in his new quarters, Henri Blaireau found occupation enough in trying to make it look more habitable; but when this process was at an end, and he found that, stretch his neck as he might from his solitary window (which only overlooked a court-yard), he could see nothing of the apartment in which Mademoiselle Gombert resided, he began to get very impatient of confinement, and yearned to approach her more nearly. But to leave his room in broad daylight would be to court unnecessary observation, so he waited till it was dusk before he issued from his den. Then, wearing the attire on which he counted for disguise, in the event of his meeting Monsieur Gombert, he slowly descended the stair-case, lingering at every step as he drew near the first floor. He had arrived at the last turning when he observed some one standing in the door-way of Monsieur Gombert's suite of rooms. There was just light enough for him to see that it was a woman; his heart at once told him who it was—and clearing the flight at a bound, he stood before her. She did not alter her position, but remained behind the shadow of the door. He was encouraged to speak, and after the ceremonious fashion of his time and nation, took off his hat as he did so; scarcely had he uttered a word, before a violent scream saluted him, the door was slammed in his face, and he heard the cry of "Murder!" vociferated within, in the shrillest of female tones.

He rushed down stairs; and, the porte cochère being not yet closed, reached the street without detention.

Petronille—for she it was who had been lying in ambush—continued to exercise her lungs, as she floundered on the parquet, without daring to lift her head, until she brought round her the whole of Monsieur Gombert's household, with the exception of Madeleine, who, more piously disposed than ever, had gone again to vesper service, in the church of Saint Merri.

"But what is the matter, my poor Petronille?" said Monsieur Gombert, as they raised the old woman, and conducted her into an inner room.

"Oh, Sir! Sir!" replied she, with hysterical effort; "I have seen him—I—myself!"

"Seen whom, Petronille?" asked the silk-merchant, tremulously.

"Fresh from the grave, in his winding-sheet—with eyes like burning charcoal!"

Monsieur Gombert groaned instinctively, and did not repeat his question; Jacques, the clerk, Marie, the cook, and Felicité, the fille-de-chambre, were, however, clamorous to hear all.

"But tell us, Petronille, for the love of Heaven!"

"One, two, three—as slowly as the clock strikes, I heard him descending the stair-case, just as I was holding the door in my hand, after letting out Mademoiselle, when she went to vespers. How can I tell why I waited to see who might be coming? These things are fate! Suddenly, before I knew what had happened, he stood within a yard of me. I might have touched him. Then I saw his face! The face of the young gentleman from Lyons, who died last week at the Ecu d'Argent, in the Rue des Carmes. The face of Monsieur Bodry!"

Monsieur Gombert dropped into a chair, unable to utter a word; consternation was depicted on every countenance; and a loud knocking was heard at the outer door.

Every body (Monsieur Gombert only excepted) screamed again; and Pierre, the concierge, came in, amazed, removing from his head a little skull-cap, made of carpet.

"Monsieur Pierre," shrieked Petronille, "I have seen a ghost!"

"Bah!" replied Pierre, "I've seen five thousand. A ghost and a dead man are much the same thing, I imagine. When one sleeps on the field of battle, one sees plenty of ghosts."

"Ah, but they don't walk, Pierre, those dead people," replied Petronille.

"Very odd, if they did," said Pierre, "when their legs are shot away."

The obstinacy of the old soldier did more to recover Petronille than even his corporeal presence, and with as much emphasis, but more circumstance, she repeated her adventure. Still Pierre shook his head.

"But Monsieur Gombert," continued the bonne, "has been visited by the same ghost. It is the ghost of a young man! He came to him an hour after his death. And what will you say, when I tell you—my duty now compels me to reveal it—that Mademoiselle Gombert, in her turn, has seen the spirit? No later than yesterday evening it appeared to her in the church of Saint Merri. On that account, she has gone again to-night, to consult Monsieur le Curé."

"What is that you say?" cried Monsieur Gombert. "Oh, my good friend Pierre, run to the church and bid her return instantly! Also ask Monsieur le Curé to come as soon as the service is over."

The concierge no longer presumed openly to deny what was affirmed on so much higher authority, but he obeyed Monsieur Gombert's orders, and set off at once.

V.

WHEN Henri Blaireau got into the street he was at a loss what to do next. One set of inclinations prompted him to go and get some dinner; another set of inclinations, loftier, nobler, altogether more becoming a lover—led him to follow the route which Mademoiselle Gombert had just taken.

Accordingly, he also bent his footsteps to the church of Saint Merri. Arrived there, he made no pause in the porch, lingered not an instant in the nave, took no heed of priests or old women, but plunging into the south aisle, steered his way softly through the labyrinth of piled-up chairs, till he came to the chapel of the Virgin. What was his delight, as he cautiously peeped from behind the pillar where he had stood the evening before, when, in the same attitude and in front of the same altar, he beheld Mademoiselle Gombert!

Experience had taught him wisdom. His unlucky features, he resolved, should not get him into a scrape again. He advanced, therefore, at a quick step, covered his face with both hands, took advantage of a devotee's privilege by plumping himself on his knees beside Madeleine, and bending down his head, began to pray with great fervor.

Though such an association in worship was not so uncommon as to be remarkable, Mademoiselle Gombert felt a little uncomfortable at the close proximity of the stranger.

"Beata mater," murmured the new supplicant, "et intacta virgo, gloriosa regina mundi, intercede pro nobis ad—" He paused for a moment or two, and then turning toward Mademoiselle Gombert, substituted for the right word, "Magdalenam;" and, before she could recover from her astonishment, he added:

"Forgive me, Mademoiselle; but in me you behold the person who, last night, unhappily caused you trouble."

Madeleine rose hastily to her feet, and moved from the chapel; but she was overtaken by Henri Blaireau before she had gone many steps.

"Can it be?" she said, faintly. "Do the dead return to this world?"

"Not the dead," said Henri, seizing her hand; "not the dead, but the living."

Madeleine's senses could not resist the fact of a human hand being clasped in hers, a hand warm as her own. The voice, too, that breathed in her ear had no sepulchral tone.

"If not the dead, who and what are you? The face I saw was that of Henri Bodry."

"Mademoiselle, forgive a deception which was not premeditated—nay, was almost involuntary. Henri Bodry is, indeed, no more; but I am not Henri Bodry. Oh, you will pardon me, Mademoiselle Gombert, when you have heard my story."

There was something so persuasive in his manner, that Madeleine was induced to listen. He was not a good common-lawyer, but he was an excellent special pleader. Is it necessary, then, to add that his suit was not unprosperous?

"There is," said a rough but cheery sort of voice behind them—the voice of Pierre the old concierge, carpet-cap in hand, and on the broad grin—"I don't know what to do at home, ma'msell'. Madame Petronille has been in fits, and every body is distracted at having seen a ghost. I'm afraid," he added, turning to Henri, "I'm afraid it was yours, Monsieur."

The stir at Monsieur Gombert's house had scarcely subsided when Madeleine entered.

"Father!" she cried, running into his arms, "I grieve for your distress—for poor Petronille's—but there is one behind me (do not be alarmed at a mere personal resemblance) who can explain all."

About a quarter of an hour afterward the curé of Saint Merri was announced.

Monsieur Gombert went with a smiling air to meet him.

"I don't know," he said, "what you will think of my dilemma. I sent for your spiritual aid; but instead of an exorcism, I think I will, upon the whole, ask you to have the kindness to bestow a blessing!"

ALONE.

PATIENT and faithful, and tender and true,
Praying, and thinking, and working for you—
Bearing all-silently sorrow for years—
Hopefully striving to conquer my fears;
Say, did my patience, my tenderness, truth,
Merit not more than the blight of my youth?

Give me once more my wild energy back,
Give me the hopes that illumined life's track;
Give me the faith that I wasted on you—
Give me the love that I squandered thereto—
You can not: too lightly you cast them aside,
And for you and all others those feelings have died.

Yet, though the hopes that I cherished are dead,
Though the light from my spirit forever hath fled,
Though 'twas doubting in God when I doubted in you—
As my standard and type of the leal and the true;
O'er the wreck of my life I would never repine,
If the peace I have lost were but added to thine.

Miscellany.

UNCLE TOBY'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE mild benevolence of Uncle Toby's philosophy can not be too often borne in mind. The world owes a great debt to Lawrence Sterne for these few simple sentences. "Had I studied Sterne more and Voltaire less," said the unhappy Aaron Burr, "I might have been a better man."

"My Uncle Toby was a man patient of injuries; not from want of courage, where just occasions presented or called it forth. I know no man under whose arm I should sooner have taken shelter; nor did this arise from any insensibility or obtuseness in his intellectual parts; he was of a peaceful, placid nature, no jarring element in it, all was mixed up so kindly within him: my Uncle Toby had scarcely a heart to retaliate upon a fly. 'Go,' says he, one day at dinner, to an overgrown one who had buzzed about his nose and tormented him cruelly all dinner-time, and which, after infinite attempts, he had caught at last as it flew by him; 'I'll not hurt thee,' says my Uncle Toby, rising from his chair, and going across the room with the fly in his hand: 'I'll not hurt a hair of thy head. Go,' says he, lifting up the sash, and opening his hand as he spoke, to let it escape; 'go, get thee gone; why should I hurt thee! This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me.'"

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

AN Englishman, it has been said, is never happy but when he is miserable; a Scotchman is never at home but when he is abroad; an Irishman never at peace but when he is at war.

USEFULNESS OF INSECTS.

IF insects speak to us neither by the voice nor by their physiognomy, by what do they appeal to us? By their energies. By the prodigious destruction which they effect in the over-productiveness of nature; by their colors, fires, and poisons, and by their arts. In all these manifestations, if properly understood, there is nothing but wisdom and beneficence. Even the persecution of domestic animals by flies constitutes their safety. Without the stimulus given by these tiny persecutors, cattle would remain at times stupidly resigned, till, no longer capable of movement, they would perish on the spot. Flies drive them to running waters, or to more salubrious places. In Central Africa the *nam* regulates the migrations of whole herds. The *tsetse*, it is to be supposed, is sent by some such similar provision of nature. Even the terrible ant, when it invades a house and expels the inhabitants, does so for wise purposes. They destroy every living thing; mice, toads, snakes, are all devoured—not an insect, nor even an insect's egg is left. The house is thoroughly cleansed, and then the visitors leave it to its master, going on to another. The spiders of the Antilles are such good servants, and so useful in the destruction of flies, that they are sold in the markets as birds are with us.

Among the other auxiliaries of man are the dragon-fly, that kills its thousands of insects in a day; the cicindelæ, which, with its two sabres for jaws, is immensely destructive of insect life; the carabi, a tribe of warriors armed to the teeth, real "gardes champêtres." It is cruel to destroy these useful little creatures; they should, on the contrary, be respected.

Of auxiliaries of another description we have worms, which digest, cleanse, and renew the soil. In a similar manner the necrophori are ever busy in removing putridity. Gardeners are often exasperated at the presence of insects in tubercules, as of the dahlia, when they are really there only to remove the dead or deceased parts. Nothing would be more advantageous to all who are interested in gardens than to know how to distinguish useful from hurtful insects. People would not then be daily committing violence to the harmonies of nature.

Some insects are edible: a learned entomologist tells us that caterpillars have a taste of almonds and spiders of nuts. The Roman ladies used to eat the cossi, as the Eastern ladies still do the blaps, and the Portuguese of Brazil ants, "at the moment when their wings raise them in the air like an aspiration of love."

MANLINESS.

Learn from the earliest days to insure your principle against the peril of ridicule. You can no more exercise your reason if you live in the constant dread of laughter than you can enjoy your life if you are in the constant terror of death. If you think it right to differ from the times, and to make a point of morals, do it; however rustic, however antiquated, however pedantic it may appear, do it—not for insolence, but seriously and grandly, as a man who wore a soul of his own in his bosom, and did not wait till it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion.

NOT PRAYING ENOUGH.

Felix Neff once made the following comparison: "When a pump is frequently used, but little pains are necessary to have water: the water pours out at the first stroke, because it is high. But if the pump has not been used for a long time, the water gets low; and when you want it, you must pump it a long while, and the water comes only after great efforts. It is so with prayer: if we are instant in prayer, every little circumstance awakens the disposition to pray, and desires and words are always ready. But if we neglect prayer, it is difficult for us to pray; for the water in the well gets low."

BRUSSELS LACE.

The spinning of the fine thread used for lace-making in the Netherlands is an operation demanding so high a degree of minute care and vigilant attention that it is impossible that it can ever be taken from human hands by machinery. None but Belgian fingers are skilled in this art. The very finest sort of this thread is made in Brussels, in damp, underground cellars, for it is so extremely delicate that it is liable to break by contact with the dry air above ground; and it is obtained in good condition only when made and kept in a humid, subterraneous atmosphere. There are numbers of old Belgian thread-makers, who, like spiders, have passed the best part of their lives spinning in cellars. This sort of occupation naturally has an injurious effect on the health; and therefore, to induce people to follow it, they are highly paid.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER IX.

"Les extremes se touchent."

The next day the gentlemen were dispersed out of doors—a large shooting party. Those who did not shoot, walked forth to inspect the racing stud or the model farm. The ladies had taken their walk; some were in their own rooms, some in the reception rooms, at work, or reading, or listening to the piano—Honoria Carr Vipont again performing. Lady Montfort was absent; Lady Selina kindly supplied the hostess's place. Lady Selina was embroidering, with great skill and taste, a pair of slippers for her eldest boy, who was just entered at Oxford, having left Eton with a reputation of being the neatest dresser, and not the worst cricketer, of that renowned educational institute. It is a mistake to suppose that fine ladies are not sometimes very fond mothers and affectionate wives. Lady Selina, beyond her family circle, was trivial, unsympathizing, cold-hearted, supercilious by temperament, never kind but through policy, artificial as clock-work. But in her own home, to her husband, her children, Lady Selina was a very good sort of woman. Devotedly attached to Carr Vipont, exaggerating his talents, thinking him the first man in England, careful of his honor, zealous for his interests, soothing in his cares, tender in his ailments. To her girls prudent and watchful—to her boys indulgent and caressing. Minutely attentive to the education of the first, according to her high-bred ideas of education—and they really were "superior" girls, with much instruction and well-balanced minds. Less authoritative with the last, because boys being not under her immediate control, her sense of responsibility allowed her to display more fondness and less dignity in her intercourse with them than with young ladies who must learn from her example, as well as her precepts, the patrician decorum which becomes the smooth result of impulse restrained and emotion checked. Boys might make a noise in the world, girls should make none. Lady Selina, then, was working the slippers for her absent son, her heart being full of him at that moment. She was describing his character, and expatiating on his promise to two or three attentive listeners, all interested, as being themselves of the Vipont brood, in the probable destiny of the heir to the Carr Viponts.

"In short," said Lady Selina, winding up, "as soon as Reginald is of age we shall get him into Parliament. Carr has always lamented that he himself was not broken into office early; Reginald must be. Nothing so requisite for public men as early training—makes them practical, and not too sensitive to what those horrid newspaper men say. That was Pitt's great advantage. Reginald has ambition; he should have occupation to keep him out of mischief. It is an anxious thing for a mother, when a son is good-looking—such danger of his being spoiled by the women—yes, my dear, it *is* a small foot, very small—his father's foot."

"If Lord Montfort should have no family," said a somewhat distant and subaltern Vipont, whisperingly and hesitating, "does not the title—"

"No, my dear," interrupted Lady Selina; "no, the title does not come to us. It is a melancholy thought, but the marquisate, in that case, is extinct. No other heir-male from Gilbert, the first Marquis. Carr says there is even likely to be some dispute about the earldom. The Barony, of course, is safe; goes with the Irish estates, and most of the English—and goes (don't you know?)—to Sir James Vipont, the last person who ought to have it; the quietest, stupidest creature; not brought up to the sort of thing—a mere gentleman farmer on a small estate in Devonshire."

"He is not here?"

"No. Lord Montfort does not like him. Very natural. Nobody does like his heir, if not his own child, and some people don't even like their own eldest sons! Shocking; but so it is. Montfort is the kindest, most tractable being that ever was, except where he takes a dislike. He dislikes two or three people very much."

"True; how he did dislike poor Mrs. Lyndsay!" said one of the listeners, smiling.

"Mrs. Lyndsay, yes—dear Lady Montfort's mother. I can't say I pitied her, though I was sorry for Lady Montfort. How Mrs. Lyndsay ever took in Montfort for Caroline I can't conceive! How she had the face to think of it! He, a mere youth at the time! Kept secret from all his family—even from his grandmother—the darkest transaction. I don't wonder that he never forgave it."

First Listener. "Caroline has beauty enough to—"

Lady Selina (interrupting). "Beauty, of course—no one can deny *that*. But not at all suited to such a position; not brought up to the sort of thing. Poor Montfort! he should have married a different kind of woman altogether—a woman like his grandmother, the last Lady Montfort. Caroline does nothing for the House—nothing—has not even a child—most unfortunate affair."

Second Listener. "Mrs. Lyndsay was very poor, was not she? Caroline, I suppose, had no opportunity of forming those tastes and habits which are necessary for—for—"

Lady Selina (helping the listener). "For such a position and such a fortune. You are quite right, my dear. People brought up in one way can not accommodate themselves to another; and it is odd, but I have observed that people brought up poor can accommodate themselves less to being very rich than people brought up rich to accommodate themselves to being very poor. As Carr says, in his pointed way, 'it is easier to stoop than to climb.' Yes; Mrs. Lyndsay was, you know, a daughter of Seymour Vipont, who was for so many years in the Administration, with a fair income from his salary, and nothing out of it. She married one of the Scotch Lyndsays—good family, of course—with a very moderate property. She was left a widow young, with an only child, Caroline. Came to town, with a small jointure. The late Lady Montfort was very kind to her. So were we all—took her up—pretty woman—pretty manners—worldly—oh, very! I don't like worldly people. Well, but all of a sudden, a dreadful thing happened. The heir-at-law disputed the jointure, denied that Lyndsay had any right to make settlements on the Scotch property—very complicated business. But, luckily for her, Vipont Crooke's daughter, her cousin and intimate friend, had married Darrell—the famous Darrell—who was then at the bar. It is very useful to have cousins married to clever people. He was interested in her case, took it up. I believe it did not come on in the courts in which Darrell practiced. But he arranged all the evidence, inspected the briefs, spent a great deal of his own money in getting up the case—and, in fact, he gained her cause, though he could not be her counsel. People did say that she was so grateful that after his wife's death she had set her heart on becoming Mrs. Darrell the second. But Darrell was then quite wrapped up in politics—the last man to fall in love—and only looked bored when women fell in love with him, which a good many did. Grand-looking creature, my dear, and quite the rage for a year or two. However, Mrs. Lyndsay all of a sudden went off to Paris, and there Montfort saw Caroline, and was caught. Mrs. Lyndsay, no doubt, calculated on living with her daughter, having the run of Montfort House in town and Montfort Court in the country. But Montfort is deeper than people think for. No, he never forgave her. She was never asked here—took it to heart, went to Rome, and died."

At this moment the door opened, and George Morley, now the Reverend George Morley, entered, just arrived to join his cousins.

Some knew him, some did not. Lady Selina, who made it a point to know all the cousins, rose graciously, put aside the slippers, and gave him two fingers. She was astonished to find him not nearly so shy as he used to be—wonderfully improved; at his ease, cheerful, animated. The man now was in his right place, and following hope on the bent of inclination. Few men are shy when in their right places. He asked after Lady Montfort. She was in her own small sitting-room, writing letters—letters that Carr Vipont had entreated her to write—correspondence useful to the House of Vipont. Before long, however, a servant entered to say that Lady Montfort would be very happy to see Mr. Morley. George followed the servant into that unpretending sitting-room, with its simple chintzes and quiet book-shelves—room that would not have been too fine for a cottage.

CHAPTER X.

In every life, go it fast, go it slow, there are critical pausing places. When the journey is renewed, the face of the country is changed.

How well she suited that simple room—herself so simply dressed—her marvelous beauty so exquisitely subdued. She looked at home there, as if all of home that the house could give were there collected.

She had finished and sealed the momentous letters, and had come, with a sense of relief, from the table at the farther end of the room, on which those letters, ceremonious and conventional, had been written—come to the window, which, though mid-winter, was open, and the red-breast, with whom she had made friends, hopped boldly almost within reach, looking at her with bright eyes, and head curiously aslant. By the window a single chair and a small reading-desk, with the book lying open. The short day was not far from its close, but there was ample light still in the skies, and a serene if chilly stillness in the air without.

Though expecting the relation she had just summoned to her presence, I fear she had half forgotten him. She was standing by the window deep in reverie as he entered, so deep that she started when his voice struck her ear and he stood before her. She recovered herself quickly, however, and said with even more than her ordinary kindliness of tone and manner toward the scholar—"I am so glad to see and congratulate you."

"And I so glad to receive your congratulations," answered the scholar, in smooth, slow voice, without a stutter.

"But, George, how is this?" asked Lady Montfort. "Bring that chair, sit down here, and tell me all about it. You wrote me word you were cured, at least sufficiently to remove your noble scruples. You did not say how. Your uncle tells me by patient will and resolute practice."

"Under good guidance. But I am going to confide to you a secret, if you will promise to keep it."

"Oh, you may trust me; I have no female friends."

The clergyman smiled, and spoke at once of the lessons he had received from the basket-maker.

"I have his permission," he said, in conclusion, "to confide the service he rendered me, the intimacy that has sprung up between us, but to you alone—not a word to your guests. When you have once seen him, you will understand why an eccentric man, who has known better days, would shrink from the impertinent curiosity of idle customers. Contented with his humble livelihood, he asks but liberty and repose."

"That I already comprehend," said Lady Montfort, half sighing, half smiling. "But my curiosity shall not molest him, and when I visit the village, I will pass by his cottage."

"Nay, my dear Lady Montfort, that would be to refuse the favor I am about to ask, which is that you would come with me to that very cottage. It would so please him."

"Please him—why?"

"Because this poor man has a young female grandchild, and he is so anxious that you should see and be kind to her, and because, too, he seems most tenacious to remain in his present residence. The cottage, of course, belongs to Lord Montfort, and is let to him by the bailiff, and if you deign to feel interest in him, his tenure is safe."

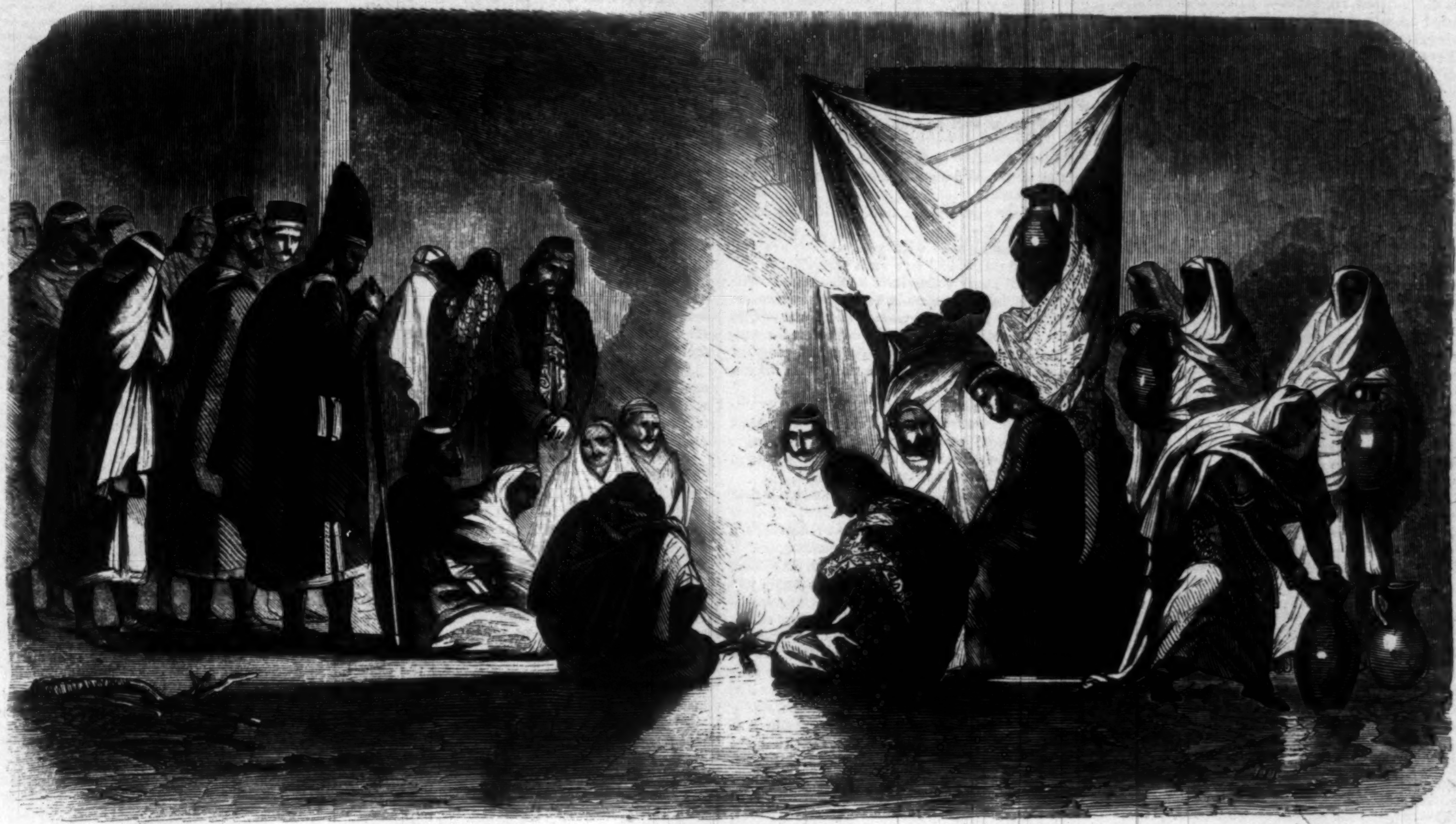
Lady Montfort looked down, and colored. She thought, perhaps, how false a security her protection, and how slight an influence her interest would be, but she did not say so. George went on; and so eloquently and so touchingly did he describe both grandsire and grandchild, so skillfully did he intimate the mystery which hung over them, that Lady Montfort became much moved by his narrative, and willingly promised to accompany him across the park to the basket-maker's cottage the first opportunity. But when one has sixty guests in one's house, one has to wait for an opportunity to escape from them unremarked. And the opportunity, in fact, did not come for many days—not till the party broke up—save one or two dowager she-cousins who "gave no trouble," and one or two bachelor he-cousins whom my lord retained to consummate the slaughter of pheasants, and play at billiards in the dreary intervals between sunset and dinner—dinner and bedtime.

Then one cheerful frosty noon George Morley and his fair cousin walked boldly, *en evidence*, before the prying ghostly windows, across the broad gravel-walks—gained the secluded shrubbery, the solitary deeps of parkland—skirted the wide sheet of water—and passing through a private wicket in the paling, suddenly came upon the patch of osier-ground and humble garden, which were backed by the basket-maker's cottage.

As they entered those lowly precincts a child's laugh was borne to their ears—a child's silvery, musical, mirthful laugh; it was long since the great lady had heard a laugh like that—a happy child's natural laugh. She paused and listened with a strange pleasure. "Yes," whispered George Morley, "stop—and hush! there they are."

Waife was seated on the stump of a tree, materials for his handicraft lying beside, neglected. Sophy was standing before him—he, raising his finger as in reproof, and striving hard to frown. As the intruders listened, they overheard that he was striving to teach her the rudiments of French dialogue, and she was laughing merrily at her own blunders and at the solemn affectation of the shocked schoolmaster. Lady Montfort noted with no unnatural surprise the purity of idiom and of accent with which this singular basket-maker was unconsciously displaying his perfect knowledge of a language which the best educated English gentleman of that generation, nay, even of this, rarely speaks with accuracy and elegance. But her attention was diverted immediately from the teacher to the face of the sweet pupil. Women have a quick appreciation of beauty in their own sex—and women, who are themselves beautiful, not the least. Irresistibly Lady Montfort felt attracted toward that innocent countenance, so lively in its mirth, and yet so softly gay. Sir Isaac, who had hitherto lain *perdu*, watching the movements of a thrush amidst a holly-bush, now started up with a bark. Waife rose—Sophy turned half in flight. The visitors approached.

Here, slowly, lingeringly, let fall the curtain. In the frank license of narrative, years will have rolled away ere the curtain rise again. Events that may influence a life often date from moments the most serene, from things that appear as trivial and unnoticeable as the great lady's visit to the basket-maker's cottage. Which of those lives will that visit influence hereafter—the woman's, the child's, the vagrant's? Whose? Probably little that passes now would aid conjecture, or be a visible link in the chain of destiny. A few desultory questions—a few guarded answers—a look or so, a musical syllable or two exchanged between the lady and the child—a basket bought, or a promise to call again. Nothing worth the telling. Be it then untold. View only the scene itself as the curtain drops reluctantly. The rustic cottage, its garden-door open, and open its old-fashioned lattice casements. You can see how neat and cleanly, how eloquent of healthful poverty, how remote from squalid penury, the whitewashed walls, the homely furniture within. Creepers lately trained around the door-way. Christmas holly, with berries red against the window panes; the bee-hive yonder; a starling, too, outside the threshold, in its wicker cage. In the background (all the rest of the neighboring hamlet out of sight), the church-spire tapering away into the clear blue wintry sky. All has an air of repose—of safety. Close beside you is the Presence of HOME—that ineffable, sheltering, loving Presence—which, amidst solitude, murmurs "not solitary;" a Presence unvouchsafed to the great lady in the palace she has left. And the lady herself? She is resting on the rude gnarled root-stump from which the vagrant had risen; she has drawn Sophy toward her; she has taken the child's hand; she is speaking now—now listening; and on her face kindness looks like happiness. Perhaps she *is* happy at that moment. And Waife? he is turning aside his weather-beaten, mobile countenance, with his hand anxiously trembling upon the young scholar's arm. The scholar whispers, "Are you satisfied with me?" and Waife answers in a voice as low but more broken, "God reward you! Oh, joy!—if my pretty one has found at last a woman friend!" Poor vagabond, he has now a calm asylum—a fixed humble livelihood—more than that, he has just achieved an object fondly cherished. His past life—alas! what has he done with it? His actual life—broken fragment though it be—is at rest now. But still the everlasting question—mocking, terrible question—with its phrasing of farce and its enigmas of tragical sense—"WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?" Do with what? The all that remains to him—the all he holds!—the all which man himself, betwixt free-will and predecree is permitted to do. Ask not the vagrant alone—ask each of the four there assembled on that flying bridge called the Moment. Time before thee—what wilt *thou* do with it? Ask thyself!—ask the wisest! Out of effort to answer that question, what dream-schools have risen, never wholly to perish! The science of seers on the Chaldee's Pur-Tor, or in the rock-caves of Delphi, gasped after and grasped at by horn-handed mechanics to-day in their lanes and alleys. To the heart of the populace sink down the blurred relics of what once was the lore of the secretest sages—hieroglyphical tatters which the credulous vulgar attempt to interpret—"WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?" Ask Merle and his Crystal! But the curtain descends! Yet a moment, there they are—age and childhood—poverty, wealth, station, vagabondage; the preacher's sacred learning and august ambition; fancies of dawning reason;—hopes of intellect matured;—memories of existence wrecked; household sorrows—untold regrets—elegy and epic in low, close, human sighs, to which Poetry never yet gave voice—all for the moment personified there before you—a glimpse for the guess—no more. Lower and lower falls the curtain! All is blank!



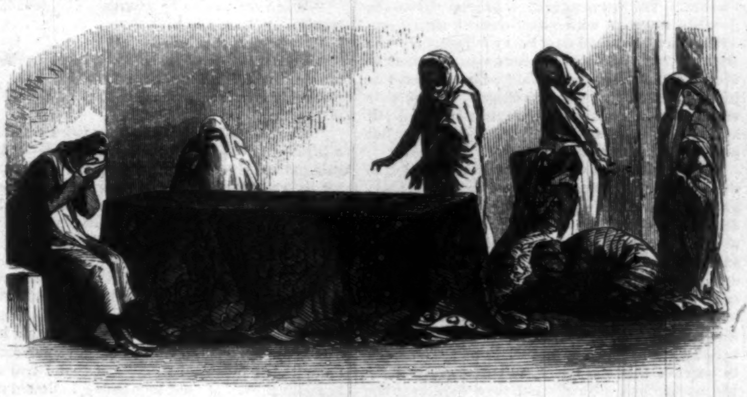
THE LIGHT BURNING BEFORE THE CORPSE.

THE BURIAL OF THE QUEEN OF OUDE.

WE have had occasion to allude to the death of the Queen of Oude, which took place lately at Paris. We now give illustrations of the unusual ceremonies to which that event gave rise.

Her Majesty was in ill health some time before she left England. Her recent vicissitudes of fortune, and the anxiety which the recent mutiny in India must have caused, no doubt aggravated her disease. She was known to be in a dangerous condition; yet she refused to submit to the visits of European practitioners. When she went to Paris she was taken alarmingly ill; still she would not allow physicians to be called in until her state became so serious that death was imminent. She then sent for Doctors Cabarrus and Roper. But as her son philosophically said, "If her fate was written, science could avail nothing;" and the physicians, having done what they could to ease her last moments, left her to die tranquilly.

As soon as she was dead the body was taken down to a room on a level with the court-yard of the house. (It should be remembered that most large houses in Paris are built on a very wide lot, and that the centre of the lot is left vacant; so that each house has a private court-yard of its own.) In a room looking out on this yard, the body of the Queen was laid on a bier. The women then proceeded to embalm her. This was the process: The body was placed on a table, and the women, one after the other, poured cold water over it from vases procured for the purpose. This ceremony over and the body being carefully dried with towels, the face was painted, so as to hide the hideousness of death. A powerfully perfumed preparation was poured into the mouth, which was afterward sealed up with red wax and stamped with the Royal seal of Oude; as also were the eyes, nostrils, and ears. Perfumed ointments were then rubbed upon the body, which was afterward clothed in beautiful and rich garments. The embalming was now complete. The Queen was then placed on a bed, and the Mohammedan funeral rites were proceeded with. A priest and the chief mourners entered the room, now lighted with innumerable candles; prayers were read, and passages from the Koran were chanted, while the chamber was filled with the choicest perfumes burning on every side.

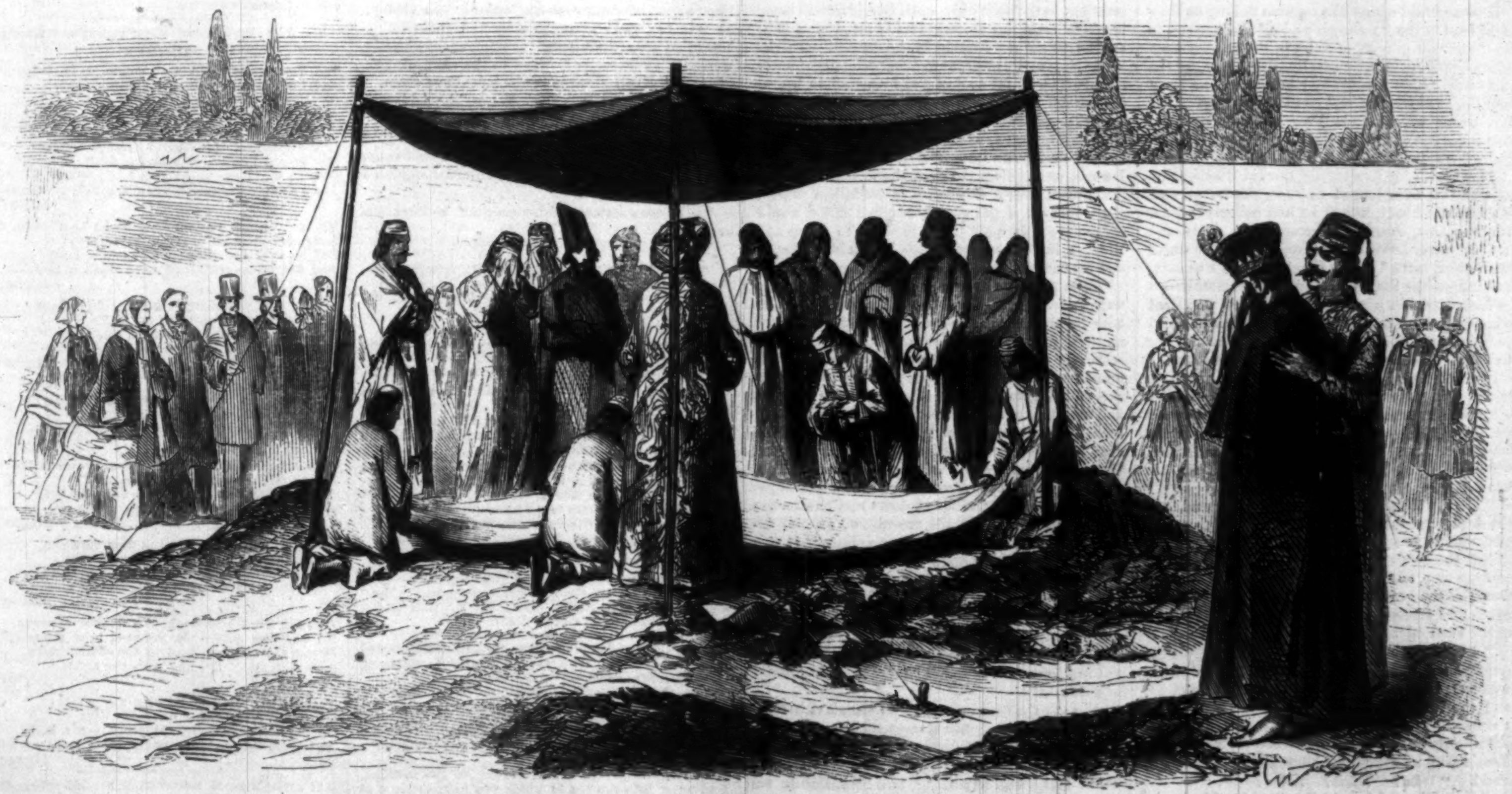


THE FEMALE MOURNERS.

The funeral, which took place a few days after the death, was delayed by a singular accident. According to the Mussulman rites a fire must be lighted "over against" the corpse, and must be allowed to burn out before the corpse is removed. When the funeral pageant arrived at the house, this fire was still alight, and the cortége was obliged to wait several hours till it went out. Then each lady of the household spent some moments in solitary prayer by the side of the corpse.

At length these preliminaries were completed, and the funeral procession commenced. It was grand and unusual even for Paris. The coffin was carried by eight of the chief members of the suite to the hearse, which was entirely covered with silver tissue, and drawn by eight white horses. The hearse was preceded by a carriage containing the priest, and was followed by the Prince Mirza Bahadoor, leaning on the arms of General d'Orgoni and Captain Lynch; behind them came about a dozen natives, members of the suite, also on foot, and then a line of ten mourning-coaches, containing various embassadors and men notable in science and literature. An immense crowd assembled in the Rue Lafitte to witness the procession; and just as the body left the house a number of Indian women of extraordinary ugliness, but dressed in rich and picturesque costume, appeared on the balcony.

When the procession reached the cemetery of the Père la Chaise, where the body was to be buried, a white cloth was spread over the grave, and the people of the family of the late Queen gathered in circle round it. Her son and the priest sat down on the cloth, and proceeded to discuss in a set dialogue the virtues of the deceased. They were talking against time, and her Majesty was eulogized in the most garrulous manner; every virtue which she possessed, and every virtue which



SCENE AT THE GRAVE IN THE PÈRE LA CHAISE CEMETERY.

she did not but might have possessed, was descanted upon to the fullest extent and in the most elaborate manner. The Parisian by-standers, who did not understand a word of what was being said, got tired long before the talking was over, and went home in knots of twos and threes.

At length sunset arrived, and the white cloth was removed and the body of her Majesty was duly committed to the tomb. It is said that her son was so much overcome by the first news of her death that he very nearly did himself a mischief in the paroxysms of his grief. However this be, he bore himself very manfully during the public ceremony. His voice did not falter during the utterance of his eulogium upon his mother, and when the dread hour of sunset came, he saw the coffin lowered into the grave and the cold earth thrown upon it as apathetically as any French *badaud*.

Perhaps the most curious circumstance of these obsequies relates to the inscription on the monument over the grave. It states simply:

> "In memory of Malka Kackwar, Queen of the Kingdom of Oude, died Rue Lafitte, aged fifty-three years."

The lapidary artist suggested to the friends of the Queen who ordered the inscription of him that it was usual for the date and place of birth to be mentioned as well as the date and place of death. They referred the matter to the Prince; but neither he nor any of his mother's ladies could tell where the late Queen was born. She was a lady of fortune; and like ladies of fortune in this country, her birth and childhood were matters of impenetrable mystery.

THE CHAPEL CHORISTERS.

"GLORIA IN EXCELSIS!" rang through the little chapel in a clear volume of sound that rose above the accompaniment of the organ, and was just shaded and softened by the flute-like tenor that accompanied that single female voice.

Many of the sunbrowned seamen who worshiped there knew the voice and the singer, and listened the more earnestly, because of her, to the chants and psalms, and the sermon that followed. It was "English Bessie" who came among their wives and children on many a kindly errand, and had always a cheerful word for the sick and desponding. The men called her "a hearty lass," and wished many a "blessing on her honest face." Their wives, in Sunday dress, and proud of the stalwart arms on which they leaned, "thought it shame" that she had not chosen from among the rough and hardy wooers by whom she was surrounded.

Prayer and chant were over, and the still sermon-time came, when Bessie's duties were ended; and she drew the crimson curtain aside to look and listen with the rest. The warm summer sun came quivering from the water through the lance-shaped windows, and lighted up the pale, grave face of the clergyman in his pulpit and the strangely gathered audience.

Some were boatmen, or hands from coasting vessels, whose occupation allowed them leisure for home and its comforts. They were surrounded by their wives and little ones in all the smartness of their Sunday costume, relieved by scarfs or shawls of bright foreign weaving, the gift of some successful relative on a return voyage. The children sat uneasily on the high benches, and looked at the flies on the window, or studied the pictures in their prayer-books, as children will. These were the more regular attendants of the chapel. And there were men whose dress had no pretension to Sunday neatness, who scarcely knew one day of the week from another, except that the seventh was, in some sort, a day of rest even with the hardest captains under whom they sailed—who were there they scarcely knew how or why, from idle whim or vague curiosity, to hear the music or "what the parson would have to say," gathered literally from the highways and by-ways, and compelled to come in.

Heat and cold were alike to them so long as they could lead in the "common praise" and respond to the "common prayer" of those in whom they thus evinced untiring interest—to English Bessie, for the sake of the father and brother buried by one wave from the same wreck; and to the blind man at her side, whose white hands drew such noble music from the organ's keys, while he sang the pure, clear tenor of which we spoke.

He sat with his face turned toward Bessie, as if his sightless eyes longed to know the features of this familiar friend, whom he had never yet seen. His long hair, thrown backward from a forehead that had never known exposure, touched the broad linen collar, turned over a simple ribbon, tied carelessly about the throat. His dress was simple and far from new, but neat, so neat that you wondered to know a woman's hand had not arranged it. Music was at once his passion and his livelihood. For the rest, he had no relatives and no dependence.

It was a singular friendship that had grown up between these two, who met not elsewhere; and when the sermon was done, it was pleasant to see the sisterly care with which she handed him his hat and staff, and led him down the narrow stairs, where he must have groped slowly but for her hand.

"Here is the sill, Richard," she said, "and here the door; and there is the rector waiting to speak with you."

But the quick ear of the blind man discovered another step, and, though he listened to the kindly words of the grave rector, he heard an invitation given and refused where Bessie stood at the door of the vestibule.

"What did he want?" asked Richard, in the quick, excited manner peculiar to him, as his hand was once more placed in that firm, reliant clasp, and she led him over the swaying plank to the shore.

"Steady! There, now you are on the wharf," Bessie said, as she might have soothed an excited child. "Who? What? Allen?"

"Yes, Allen. I heard his voice when Mr. Storey was talking. When did the *Bess* come in? He has had a quick trip."

"Not very; the usual time. There, now, you do not need my hand any longer."

"Why do you take it away, Bessie? There is a crossing yet, and those piles of lumber."

"Yes"—and she laughed pleasantly—"but you know them as well as I do. You could lead me here."

"*I wish I could*," he answered below his breath, for the blindness was still a dark horror to him. "But Allen?"

"He only asked about to-night, if I should go to chapel, and—"

"If he could walk with you. When are you going to be married?" he added, abruptly.

But Bessie only pointed out a loose round stone in the crossing, as if she did not hear the question.

"Mother's not so well to-day, and I can not go as far as usual," she said, as they entered a narrow, crooked street. "How bright and pleasant it must look out at the asylum now, with all the roses in bloom!"

"Yet, if one could *see* them."

"Richard, you are not thankful to-night for what you *can* enjoy," said the young girl, earnestly. "You have a cheerful home and fresh sweet-scented air and cheerful society."

"Go on, Bessie. You mean 'while you are shut up in this close street with a sick mother, and your bread to gain by your needle.' But then there is Allen!" and the gloomy tone came back again.

"Let him *be* there," Bessie answered, decidedly, pausing at her own door-stone. "Richard, you sang 'Benedic, anima mea' this afternoon; remember it on your way home. I shall, so long as my mother has a shelter, and I have health and strength to work for her. Take care now, and look out for the carriages and the crossings. I shall have time for a practice hour on Wednesday evening. You may come to tea if you like."

The blind man's staff rang upon the pavement as he went on his lonely way, not knowing that she stood upon the door-stone, and watched for his safety so long as he was in sight. He did not know what should make him so restless and disturbed about this marriage. It was right and natural, and what he could have wished for Bessie. They would be finely paired—the high-spirited, energetic woman and her sailor lover. He so tall, and bronzed, and stalwart, as Bessie's husband ought to be; frank and generous, as sailors ever are.

Richard Langdon, the blind music-teacher, still lived at the asylum where he had studied his beautiful art, with the love and confidence of pupils and teachers. The rooms were of noble proportions, the grounds fragrant with sweet-scented shrubbery, and cool with the shadow of heavy foliage. Here he walked, that still Sabbath afternoon, and thought upon his aimless, joyless childhood, and what if he had had a sister like Bessie to cheer it. There were many hours when his mind preyed upon itself; it had always been so in the pauses of study, but never so much as now.

So he wandered down the rose-walk, listening to the murmur of voices that rose from the playground beyond the garden, and envying the children their Sabbath rest and peace. But his mind would go back to Bessie and their first acquaintance, when she came to offer her fresh, strong, but untrained voice to assist him to lead in the chapel music. His nature was so gentle that her quick, stirring way was not pleasant to him at first: it was not his idea of womanliness. He liked her better when he found how much in earnest she was to improve this one talent, and how grateful for his instructions. Now when they were together he laid aside the timid uncertainty of step and manner trusting to her guidance. When she was married, all these pleasant walks and rehearsals must end, for she would have new duties and companionship and pleasures. No wonder he was restless and disturbed.

The pale, gentle widow had a welcome for him when the appointed evening came; and he sat down near her, in the open door, until Bessie should come in. He could *feel* the neatness of all around him, and heard the cat purring in the door-sill, and the kettle singing its pleasant evening song in the outer room. It was all so still and homelike to him—though he had never known a home but in his dreams; so different from the clatter of feet through the corridors of the asylum, the opening and shutting of doors, the hum of children conning their lessons, or the discordance of the tortured musical instruments under the hands of unskillful pupils. He wondered if the gay, boisterous sailor would appreciate this quiet rest, so dear to him, and Bessie's invalid mother, with her delicate tastes and instincts.

When tea was over and the household duties were ended for the day, though it was pleasant to hear Bessie go so easily about them, she came, for the first time, and sat down by him on the door-stone, for the house was one of those low, old-fashioned tenements where you step from the street into the dwelling-room at once. The street was still and deserted, save now and then a solitary footstep echoed along the pavement, and died away in the shadows beyond. A massive, but long disused warehouse, built when this narrow street had its great commercial fame and influence, loomed opposite to them, the iron-bound doors and shutterless windows gleaming in the moonlight, an old, decayed, but to Bessie a pleasant neighbor. It was better to sit by her window and imagine the days of its ancient bustle and opulence, than to watch the bad management of some thriftless housekeeper, or her neglected children quarreling on the pavement. To-night, it was especially pleasant to see it so softly shadowed; and she described it to the blind man as she would have drawn the picture of a friend.

And yet she could not draw a portrait of herself that satisfied him. She always turned away with some jest upon her stout figure and heavy features, which displeased and annoyed him, for he never could make her any thing but beautiful in his mind.

"I will ask her now," thought Richard, "before any one has a claim upon her;" and, with quick impulse, he preferred a long-indulged, but unspoken request.

"If you will only let me touch your hair—your face, one instant, Bessie, as I do when I wish to know my friends and pupils better, I shall be more contented when you are Allen's wife. You have been such a dear, true friend to me!"

She took up both his hands, and, stooping, laid them on her bowed head.

"As I thought," he murmured rather than spoke; and his hands shook and trembled, though she was so quiet beneath their touch. "Soft, wavy hair; it is brown, I know, brown, and silken as a child's. The broad, open forehead, that belongs to you, Bessie. I know how your eyes look now, honest and fearless and very truthful; such long lashes, and your cheek so round and smooth! How could you tell me that you were not beautiful!"

"Because I am not," she said, taking his hands again. "And feel how hardened my hands are, while yours are soft and white. It is an ugly contrast, and so are our faces and characters and dispositions," she added, presently.

"I knew—but Allen is manly and hardy and cheerful. I was not always so gloomy, Bessie; truly I was not. But I grew so restless and dependent and *homesick*—I can not describe it any other way—yet I never have had, and never shall have a home such as other men win for themselves, who do not know how to prize it as I should."

"It is almost time for the rehearsal," said Bessie, as if to lead him from this hopeless mood, "and mother has fallen asleep there upon her pillows. Come, let us go, Richard."

She drew his arm within hers as they rose, and they walked on toward the river, for the chapel was scarcely a stone's-throw. He longed to say more, to tell her all that the touch of that bowed head had revealed to him, how passionately he loved her, how doubly hateful his blindness and dependence were to him for her sake, how doubly solitary his life would always be for having known her and for her care over him; but he struggled with this stormy mood bravely, for he knew he had no right to lay the burden of his misfortunes at any woman's feet, even if she were free to take it up and bear it onward for him.

So they walked on in silence for a little time until they began to hear the soft plash of the incoming tide against the wharves and the sides of the vessels lying at anchor. It recalled the trim schooner *Bess* and her captain to his mind.

"When are you to be married?" he asked, abruptly. "Soon, I hope."

"Do you, Richard?"

"Yes, it is better to be soon;" and again the strong tide of feeling rushed to his lips. He pressed his teeth into them, so that he should say no more.

"Well, then," said Bessie, her voice trembling a little—he had never known this before—"I am going to make you a strange proposal, not strange, for it is right and best; mother thinks as I do. You are to be my husband, Richard, when I do marry, for you love me as Allen does not and can not, and you need me more than he, as I told him when he asked me to be his wife."

"I, Bessie! Poor and blind! I *your* husband!"

He reeled as if a sudden blow had been struck, but she upheld him steadily.

"If you do not wish it, Richard, it ends here. You know me well enough in these three years to know that I mean all I say, and that I had only to assure myself of your love before I allowed mine to be seen. You would never have asked this of me: *but here I am*. I offer myself, my love, and care, and companionship to you, if you will take it. Richard, let me be home, and strength, and *sight* to you always."

It was well that they had reached the chapel, for the courage with which she had nerved herself was fast forsaking her. By the dim light she saw their rector bending over his books in the vestry, as was his wont when he expected them there. The blind man heard the advancing step and kindly welcome, as he came forward to the chancel, and the sound of other voices in the loft above them.

"Make it real; it is all a dream," he said, and they knelt down together for their pastor's blessing, for he knew all that was in their hearts, and that henceforth the chant of thanksgiving would come from the innermost depths of Richard Langdon's soul—

"Who crowneth me with mercy and loving kindness."

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

BOB PETERS was too bashful to pop the question, but he sent a ring to Clara, with these lines:

"This ring that's inclosed will you please to retain?
May it grace your dear hand when we next meet again;
I'm aware 'tis a trifle, but still it will show
What I tremble to ask, yet am dying to know. R. P."

Now Clara was somewhat witty, and she resolved to punish Bob's vanity. Accordingly, the next day she sent one of the servants with a dainty little note addressed to Mr. Robert Peters, with the ring inclosed. Bob broke the seal, and read as follows:

"If you mean by your *trembling* that you have obtained
That awful disease, by the 'Faculty' named
The fever and ague, and sometimes the shakes,
I advise you at once to get some quinine—
Take a spoonful or so, and mix it with wine—
Then swallow a dose; it will cure all your aches."

Two young men were examining a case of perfumery; one remarked that "Harrison of Philadelphia had realized a considerable fortune by its manufacture." "Yes," said the other, "no doubt he has; but Mr. Eau de Cologne must have made a great deal more."

In the Court of Special Sessions, recently, a man named Smith was arraigned for stealing a demijohn, containing three gallons of whisky.

"Are you guilty, or not guilty?" asked the clerk.

"Wal, you can call it what you likes; I tuk the whisky, that I admit, and *drinked* it, too."

"You took it without leave, did you not?"

"I never wait to be asked, when *that* article's round."

To ridicule old age is like pouring, in the morning, cold water into the bed in which you have to sleep at night.

VERY ENCOURAGING.—A lady consulted St. Francis of Sales on the lawfulness of using rouge. "Why," said he, "some pious men object to it, others see no harm in it; I will hold a middle course, and allow you to use it on one cheek."

THE CHICKEN AND FEATHERS.—At breakfast one morning in that quiet and comfortable old inn, the White Swan, in York, a foreigner made quick dispatch with the eggs. Thrusting his spoon into the middle, he drew out the yolk, devoured it, and passed on to the next. When he had got to his seventh egg an old farmer, who had already been prejudiced against Monsieur by his mustaches, could brook the extravagance no longer, and, speaking up, said, "Why, Sir, you leave all the white! How is Mrs. Lockwood to afford to provide breakfast at that rate?" "Vy," replied the outside barbarian, "you vouldn't have me eat de vite? De yolk is de shicken; de vite de fedders. Am I to make von bolster of my belly?" The farmer was dumbfoundered.

Major Brown, some years ago, occupied a seat in the Legislature of one of our Western States. The subject of public improvements was being discussed, and, among the rest, a bill for improving roads was before the House. The Major "spread" himself hugely in favor of the bill. Pointing out the beauties and benefits of roads, "Why, gentlemen," says he, "look at the Mi-*chi*-gan road, Sir—straight as a bee-line, Sir; and, gentlemen, so straight that you can see a red dog a mile long, Sir!"

A correspondent in Missouri writes that the minister of his parish was holding forth last Sunday on the state of things before the flood, and thus delivered himself:

"My hearers, before the flood the people (like they are at the present day) were divided into different parties. There were then two *great* parties, *denominated* the Diluvians and the *Anti*-Diluvians. Here, in this State, now, we have Bentons and *Anti*-Bentons. In those days the Diluvians were in favor of the flood, while the *Anti*-Diluvians were opposed to it. Here the Benton party are in favor of Benton, while the *Anti*-Benton party are opposed to him." It is very evident that the Diluvians carried the day.

Mrs. T., on reading in a recent paper that a modern writer on gipsies claimed John Bunyan to have been one, remarked that he was most probably a *corn doctor!*

A journal of the early part of 1852, in an article on the suspension of life in the case of perch and mullet which had been brought in ice from Lake Champlain during that winter, frozen solid, and, on being put into a tub, had come to life as lively as ever, stated: "Our readers will remember that a female convict in Sweden is now in ice, on experiment; and that a man was found lately, in Switzerland, who gave signs of life after being frozen for nine months. The power of stopping while the world goes on may be the next wonder. Ice-houses may soon be advertised with comfortable arrangements for skipping an epoch, or waiting for the next generation."

"Were you ever in Cork?" said the gay Mrs. Jones,
In the blandest of manners and sweetest of tones.
"No, Madam," said I; "though in Dublin I've been,
Yet of *Cork* it is only the *drawings* I've seen!"

Purpose is the edge and point of character; it is the superscription on the letter of talent. Character without it is blunt and torpid; genius without it is bullion—splendid and uncirculating.

A HARD WITNESS.—The following dialogue, which occurred several years ago between a lawyer and a witness, in a justice's court, not a great many thousand miles from this place, is worth relating:

It seems that Mr. Jones loaned Mr. Smith a horse, which died while in his (Smith's) possession. Mr. Jones brought suit to recover the value of the horse, attributing his death to bad treatment. During the course of the trial a witness (Mr. Brown) was called to the stand to testify as to how Mr. Smith treated horses.

LAWYER (*with a bland and confidence-invoking smile*). "Well, Sir, how does Mr. Smith generally ride a horse?"

WITNESS (*with a very merry twinkle in his eye, otherwise imperturbable*). "A straddle, I believe, Sir."

LAWYER (*with a scarcely perceptible flush of vexation upon his cheek, but still speaking in his smoothest tones*). "But, Sir, what gait does he ride?"

WITNESS. "He never rides any gate, Sir. His boys ride all the gates."

LAWYER (*his bland smile gone and his voice slightly husky*). "But how does he ride when in company with others?"

WITNESS. "Keeps up, if his horse is able; if not, he goes behind."

LAWYER (*triumphantly, and in perfect fury*). "How does he ride when alone, Sir?"

WITNESS. "Don't know; never was with him when he was alone."

LAWYER. "I have done with you, Sir."

A lady was requested by a bachelor who was somewhat advanced in years to take a seat on his lap while in a crowded sleigh.

"No, I thank you," said she, "I am afraid such an old seat would break down with me."

"Jury," said a Western judge, "you kin go out and find a verdict. If you can't find one of your own, get the one the last jury used." They returned a verdict of suicide in the ninth degree.

The following is a very clever parody on "Excelsior:"

HIGHER!

The shadows of night were comin' down swift,
And the dazzlin' snow lay drift on drift,
As through a village a youth did go,
A carryin' a flag with this motto—
Higher!

O'er a forehead high curled copious hair,
His nose a Roman, complexion fair;
O'er an eagle eye an auburn lash;
And he never stopped shoutin' through his mustache—
Higher!

He saw through the windows as he kept gettin' upper
A number of families sittin' at supper;
But he eyed the slippery rocks very keen,
And fled as he cried, and cried while a fleein'—
Higher!

"Take care you there!" said an old woman; "Stop!
It's blowin' gales up there on top;
You'll tumble off on the other side!"
But the hurryin' stranger loud replied—
Higher!

"Oh, don't you go up such a shocking night;
Come sleep on my lap," said a maiden bright.
On his Roman nose a tear-drop come,
But still he remarked, as upward he clomb—
Higher!

"Look out for the branch of that sycamore tree:
Dodge rollin' stones, if any you see!"
Sayin' which the farmer went home to bed,
And the singular voice replied, overhead—
Higher!

About a quarter past six the next forenoon,
A man accidentally goin' up soon,
Heard spoken above him, as often as twice,
The very same word, in a very weak voice—
Higher!

And not far, I believe, from a quarter of seven,
He was slow gettin' up, the road bein' uneven;
Found the stranger dead in the drifted snow,
Still a clutchin' the flag with the motto—
Higher!

Yes! lifeless, defunct, without any doubt;
The lamp of his being decidedly out;
On the dreary hill-side the youth was a layin',
And there was no more use for him to be sayin'—
Higher!

If a man's goods and chattels are his effects, is that man the cause of his plate and furniture?

Forcing a Sale.—Two of "our" boys, writes a Western friend, Hi Angle and Dick Walker, emigrated to the wilds of Minnesota. During the long winter evenings they went to work and made up a lot of axe-helves. Being "raw" hands at the business, the helves were any thing but salable. Going to the nearest town, they tried in vain to dispose of them at the different groceries and stores. There was but one shop left, and Hi, giving Dick instructions, went in alone. Inquiring of the shopman if he had any helves, he was informed that he had not. Blustering up, he inquired why he did not keep such things, and told him to buy the next dozen he came across and put them one side for him. After he had been gone some time, Dick went in and sold the helves. The shopman is undoubtedly keeping them.

A perfumer should make a good editor, because he is accustomed to make "elegant extracts."

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

Franklin Square, *Monday, March* 22, 1858.

March of last year was about the culminating point of excessive importation; accordingly, we find the contrast between the movement this year and then more striking even than in January or February. The foreign trade of this port for the two periods compares as follows:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Mar. 20, 1858	$1,998,844	$1,505,968
Corresponding week, 1857	5,054,901	1,880,354
Decrease this year	$3,056,057	$374,386

The export of specie was only $116,114. We have no change in the rates of money to report, except that exchange on England has fallen to 107 @ 107¼, at which rate it would pay to import specie from Europe. The drain for export has therefore entirely ceased for the present. Specie continues to accumulate at the financial centres. Though the Sub-treasury in this city has gained $3,000,000 by the exchange of treasury notes at Washington, it is not expected that the Banks will show this evening much less than thirty-two millions, and another California arrival is at hand. The specie in the Bank of England remains as last reported, but near five millions from Australia was daily expected. The Bank of France has gained five millions since the last statement.

There are decided symptoms of a revival in the Dry Goods and Grocery business, while the opening of navigation promises somewhat more activity in the produce line. As yet, however, the engagements of merchants are very limited.

The stock market has declined throughout the week, the prices of many of the speculative securities being nearly ten per cent. lower than they were a fortnight ago. The chief decline has been in Rock Island, Hudson River, Erie, and Michigan Southern. It is generally attributed to the realization of strong parties who had carried large parcels of these stocks for long periods.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

New York, *Monday, March* 22, 1858.

The Wholesale Produce Markets were dull and heavy for the leading kinds of Breadstuffs up to Saturday, when Flour and Wheat attracted more attention and closed buoyantly. Corn was plenty and depressed....Cotton was less active, and prices favored buyers....Provisions opened quietly and languidly, but at the close they were more sought after at generally firmer rates....The Grocery trade has been decidedly vigorous, and prices have favored sellers, especially for Coffee, Sugars, and Molasses....A fair business has been transacted in Fruit, Hay, Hides, and Leather, Naval Stores, Oils, and Tobacco, within the previous range of quotations....Wool was very moderately dealt in at drooping figures....Desirable styles of Dry Goods continue to attract considerable attention, both in private trade and in the auction-rooms, at pretty fair prices. The public sales this week have been on an extensive scale, and, on the whole, they have been quite successful. The week's import of Dry Goods amounted to $642,412 against $1,657,500 the corresponding week in 1857. The imports since the 1st of January have been $11,347,205 against $28,642,821 same time in 1857....The movements in other commodities were moderate, and unproductive of any remarkable alterations....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$4 25	@	$4 60
Superfine to fancy Western do. "	4 30	@	4 75
Extra Western Flour, per barrel	4 45	@	7 00
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	4 40	@	7 00
Super to Extra Canadian, per barrel	4 25	@	5 50
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel	4 70	@	8 25
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl.	3 00	@	3 75
Corn Meal, per barrel	3 00	@	3 50
White Wheat, per bushel	1 18	@	1 50
Red Wheat, per bushel	98	@	1 22
New Crop Corn, per bushel	65	@	68
Rye, per bushel	70	@	72
Barley, per bushel	60	@	70
Western Oats, per bushel	44	@	46
State Oats, per bushel	43	@	45
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel	34	@	38
Southern Oats, per bushel	25	@	35
Cotton, middlings, per pound	11½	@	12½
Mess Pork, per barrel	16 65	@	16 75
Prime Pork, per barrel	13 50	@	—
Country Mess Beef, per barrel	10 00	@	11 00
Country Prime Beef, per barrel	7 00	@	8 00
Prime Mess Beef, per tierce	20 00	@	24 00
Beef Hams, per barrel	17 00	@	19 00
Cut Meats, per pound	6½	@	9½
Lard, per pound	10	@	10½
State Butter, per pound	17	@	27
Western Butter, per pound	14	@	20
Cheese, per pound	8½	@	10½
Rice, per 100 pounds	3 00	@	4 00
Rio Coffee, per pound	9½	@	11½
Cuba Sugar, per pound	5	@	7½
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	22	@	28
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	5	@	7½
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	31	@	33
Hyson Teas, per pound	25	@	60
Oolong Teas, per pound	28	@	50
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	23	@	23½
Bale Hay, per 100 pounds	50	@	75
Hops, Crop of 1857, per pound	4½	@	8
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	3 87½	@	4 00
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	50	@	51
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds	1 52½	@	1 55

Freights were moderately active. For Liverpool, Cotton, 3-16d. @ 7-32d. per pound; Flour, 1s. 6d. @ 1s. 9d. per barrel; Grain, 4½d. @ 5½d. per bushel; Rosin, 2s. per barrel; Pork, 2s. 6d. per barrel; Beef, 3s. 6d. per tierce; and Heavy Goods, 15s. @ 20s. per ton. For other ports proportionate figures. The number of vessels, of all classes, in port on Saturday was 650.

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were less active and less firm for Beeves, the supply of which was in excess of the requirements of buyers....Milch Cows were in slack request at drooping rates....Veal Calves were sparingly dealt in and tended downward....Sheep and Lambs were moderately inquired for at about former prices....Swine were plenty and heavy....The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compare thus:

	Week ending *March* 10.	Week ending *March* 17.
Beeves	3,539	2,807
Milch Cows	211	195
Veal Calves	565	640
Sheep and Lambs	5,337	5,022
Swine	375	670

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

Ohio	779	Canada	3
Illinois	649	Michigan	16
New York	481	New Jersey	3
Indiana	204		

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to first class Beeves, per pound	$ 6½	@	$ 10½
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	20 00	@	50 00
Veal Calves, per pound	4½	@	7½
Sheep and Lambs, per head	3 00	@	6 00
" " per pound	8	@	11
Live Swine, per pound	4	@	5¼
Dressed " "	5½	@	7¼

The Country Produce Markets are better supplied, and, with a moderate demand for the leading commodities, no very remarkable changes have occurred in prices, save for Vegetables, which are generally higher.

Wholesale Prices obtained by Producers at Washington Market.

Apples, per barrel	$3 00	@	$6 00
Apples, dried, per pound	6	@	7½
Peaches, dried, per pound	18	@	20
Plums, dried, per pound	18	@	20
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	2 25	@	2 50
Chestnuts, per bushel	2 00	@	2 25
Peanuts, per bushel	60	@	1 25
Cranberries, per barrel	11 00	@	14 00
Potatoes, per barrel	2 00	@	4 00
" per bushel	1 00	@	1 10
" sweet, per barrel	5 00	@	5 50
Onions, per barrel	1 75	@	4 00
Turnips, per barrel	62	@	75
Beets, per barrel	1 75	@	2 00
Cabbages, per 100	5 00	@	7 00
Parsnips, per barrel	1 50	@	1 75
Carrots, per barrel	2 00	@	—
Leeks, per 100 bunches	3 00	@	—
Celery, per dozen	1 25	@	1 50
Garlic, per 100	5 00	@	—
Eggs, Limed, per dozen	8	@	10
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	15	@	16
Chickens, per pound	13	@	15
Fowls, per pound	10	@	15
Guinea Fowl, per pair	44	@	50
Ducks, per pound	17	@	21
" per pair	1 00	@	1 25
Turkeys, per pound	12	@	15
Geese, per pound	9	@	11
Pigeons, per dozen	2 50	@	3 00
Prairie Hens, per pair	75	@	88
Partridge, per pair	1 00	@	1 25
Quail, per dozen	2 50	@	3 00
Roasting Pigs	1 25	@	2 50
Rabbits, each	18	@	25
Hares, each	37	@	50
Squirrels, each	5	@	8
Venison, per pound	8	@	13

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